The SPHERE

Vol. CXXXI. No. 1714 NOV. 26, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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(From the cover of the Record of the Gilbert & Sullivan Operas, 1932-3.)

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GILBERT & SULLIVAN
Operas

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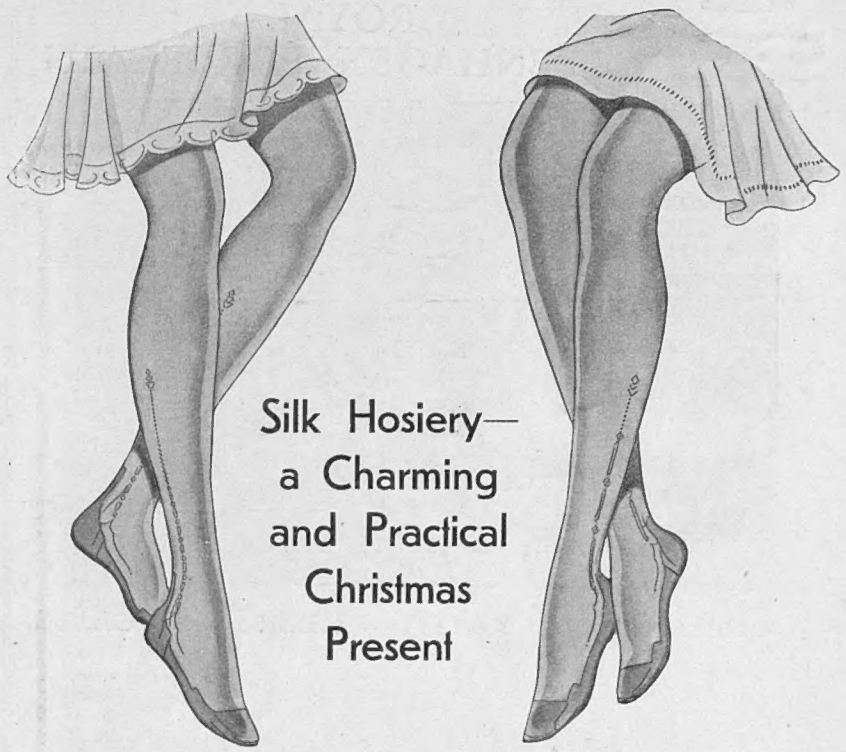

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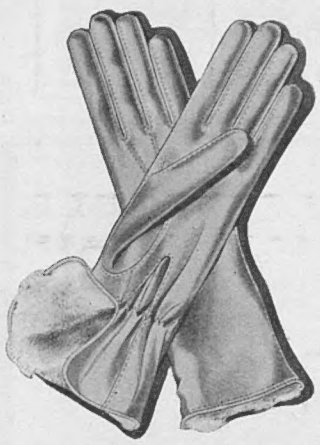

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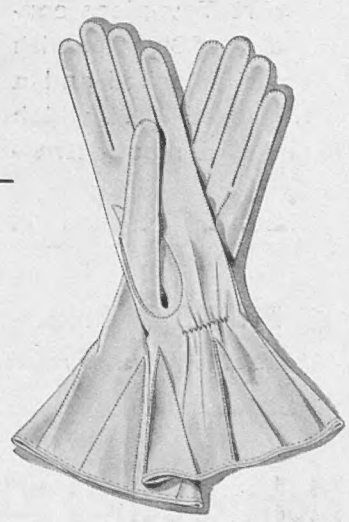

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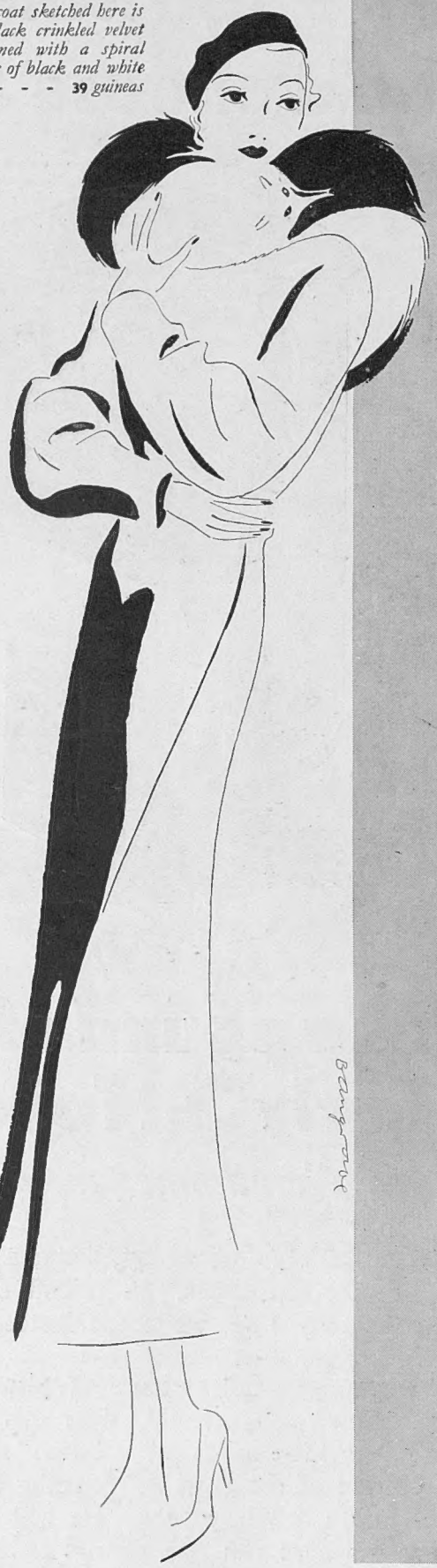

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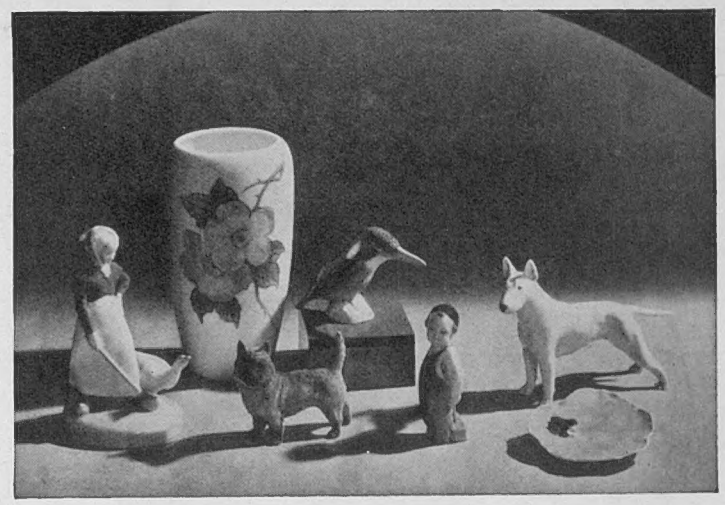

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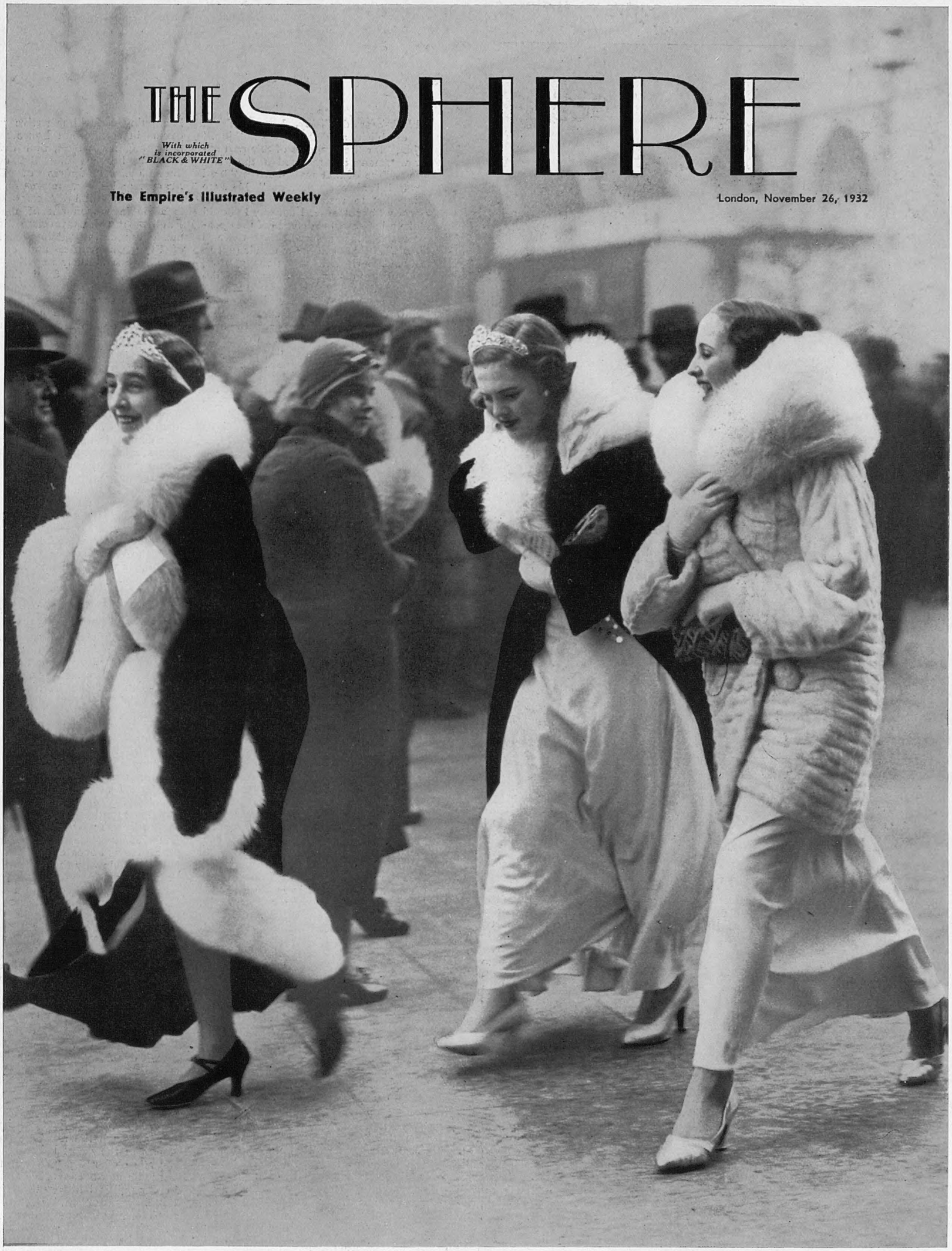
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, November 26, 1932



THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

Lady Birkenhead, Lady Pamela Smith, and Lady Jersey Hurrying to the House of Lords

Despite the devastating weather, the State Opening of Parliament was ce'ebrated in all its traditional pomp and ceremony last Tuesday. The procession was marred by the restiveness of one of the troop horses of the escort which plunged out of line and was controlled only by the superb horsemanship of its rider. Cheering crowds lined the route from Buckingham Palace to the House of Lords. A friendly contest was held on the eve to determine who should be the first M.P. to "sign in"—a contest won by Sir Park Goff. The King's Speech expressed the hope that, for the benefit of Agriculture, higher prices would be paid by the consumer, while Unemployment and the Means Test were other points mentioned. The Address was moved by Mr. E. R. Bird, M.P. for Skipton

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New

MR. ERNEST ROY BIRD, M.P. for Skipton, who moved the Address last Tuesday. A solicitor, educated at St. Paul's, Mr. Roy Bird has been Unionist Member for the Yorkshire constituency since 1923, having previously contested Lambeth. His private residence is in Penn, Bucks

346, STRAND, W.C.,

Wednesday, November 23, 1932.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—

The man-in-the-street, who sometimes spares a moment from his personal worries to think of the state of England, his England, may be pardoned if he feel a trifle petulant about the whole question of economy in State spending and the duty of ministers and private members to that end. The Economy Committee of private members has issued its report. In the Spring it undertook to reveal to the Chancellor how £100,000,000 annually could be saved. It has done so. Q.E.D. But somehow there is an irresistible parallel to be drawn between this laborious effort and—private theatricals in a country house! Private theatricals in a country house afford a great deal of hard work, amusement, even experience to the young performers. They must rehearse instead of going out shooting (some of the sub-committees sat during the recess); they notoriously enjoy the business more than the reluctant audience and derive far more benefit from it (one or two of the chairmen of sub-committees on these most abstruse subjects were parliamentary fledglings); there are always quarrels among performers and stage managers; and when at length a recognizable presentation of *His Excellency the Governor* is played before a polite and uncritical audience, the question inevitably arises whether all that trouble was worth while. The audience is in no doubt as to the answer. The performers, on the other hand, usually promise to assemble again next year and to tackle *You never can tell*. And, as he says good-bye to the performers, the long-suffering host thanks each one for a very clever piece of work and proceeds to set his house in order and resume his normal business. And that is what Mr. Chamberlain will do.

. . .

You see, even your youngest chairman will not persuade by his logic that another £14,000,000 can easily be saved in public education. We had the clearest evidence of public feeling on that head the day before the report issued. And the Transport Ministry will not be abolished. In its own view it is the second most important department of State. Nor shall we save millions a year on the roads. The road transport interests are grown too powerful to be trifled with. And the Civil Service will accept no more cuts and work no longer hours. It is a body entrenched impregnably and can afford to laugh at transient ministers whose own reputations depend on loyal service by their permanent staffs. As for a National Defence Ministry, it is like to become a chestnut like the Channel tunnel. The truth is, nothing short of a dictatorship in this country could sweep the vested interests from their Hindenburg Line. But perhaps we shall abolish the rank of General. Perhaps we shall secure a tenth part of our £100,000,000 retrenchment. We owe a real debt to the private members. The idea was right, their hearts are in the right place, it was a patriotic gesture. But the performance proved (as private theatricals usually do) lacking in bite and totally wanting in power and authority. It was just dumb crambo, an ephemeral recreation.

SUNDAY CINEMAS.—

In the burning questions of the hour, there are only two colours, black and white. If you oppose you are a devil, if you are in favour you are of the angelic host, and vice versa. There is no middle way, no half-tones. If, then, I dare to express satisfaction that there will be no Sunday films before 6 p.m. I am, in the opinion of much more than half London, a black-hearted kill-joy. I may not seek to establish a definition of "joy." "Joy," for the purposes of this particular argument, is contained in the stuffy atmosphere of that make-believe "land where it is always afternoon." If I were compelled to restrict my brief to the Sunday School issue, I daresay I should make a half-hearted defence of the opening restrictions in force. But there is after all a school in the open air (not to fall back on the trite quotation regarding "sermons in stones and books in the running brooks"). I do seriously feel that Mr. Clyde Wilson underrates his fellow citizens when he contends that Sunday afternoon cinemas are the only alternative to "loafing about the streets or sitting miserable and despondent in lodgings." The population which would fill the cinemas on Sunday afternoons enjoys notoriously all too little fresh air, sees all too little of the miracles and beauties of Nature.

A BREATH OF AIR.—

There is no country on earth where it is pleasant for so many days in the year to walk abroad; there is no great city I know where such charming country is easily and cheaply made available for walks, as is the case with London. It is difficult to believe that if you work all week in a stuffy room, you best spend the hours between dinner and tea on Sunday in a cinema. If funds permit, there is not a day in the year when you cannot spend three hours in a cinema. Is it conceivable that the only available fresh-air hours in the week in winter and autumn are wisely bestowed in cinemas, and that any human being has a grievance if he find those magic doors closed to him during those hours? God knows we have enough illusion served up to us daily—in the Press, on the radio, in the cinema. The land of make-believe closes us in, Truth and natural beauty hover on the fringe of the crowd which hems us in. But the air blows sweet on Wimbledon Common, the bracken is like burnished copper in Richmond Park, where deer and rare wild fowl and all the birds may be observed in natural surroundings. It is an insult to the public to declare that such joys have no appeal for it. Every year it shows more and more its appreciation of the natural heritage of rural beauty spots. One of the greatest joys of winter is the physical and mental stimulus of a country walk, and to half the population this luxury is possible only between dinner and tea on Sundays.

TWENTY MILLION.—

There is one person in America in crying need and in receipt of unemployment relief for every pound sterling due from Great Britain to the United States on December 15 in respect of War Debt payment. The figure is 20,000,000 and upward, expressed in pounds sterling and unemployed man-power. That fact alone justifies the common use of the adjective "delicate" to qualify the conversations on War Debts which have once more reopened. If we sometimes feel that America appears hard and unconscionable in clinging so long to the terms of her bond in principle, while compelled by hard economic facts to make a virtue of the necessity for postponement, we underrate the difficulties of the position of a President, whether newly elected by acclamation or recently rejected by a landslide, in that distressed and ill-knit federation of States. In the States the unemployment problem overshadows every sphere of life. In every State and town the resources of the citizens are strained to breaking-point to find those unhappy millions in the bare necessities of life. Half the inhabitants still—in their pre-occupation with their own immediate and local problems—know nothing and seek not to know concerning the problems of European countries. Vaguely they regard France as a nation famous for her thrift and possessed of vast hidden resources, and of Britain they have heard and read *ad nauseam* of late eulogies for her native grit and genius in setting her house in order, balancing her budget, and completely restoring her credit. The combined unemployment figures of England, France, and Italy, moreover, do not reach half the total of America's. Here is a single reason out of many why Englishmen (who appreciate the notorious ignorance in Middle West America of European politics and economics) should conceal their impatience if the concessions wrung from the United States Government appear to be as blood from a stone, to be as hardhearted as shortsighted. We ourselves have experience of Government in thrall to Democracy, and ought to sympathise with America where the pinch of hunger lends stridency to that voice. At any rate, it should convince us that the Government of the United States may be more generous in act than in word, and appreciates the logic of economic facts in Europe to a greater extent than she dare express in the present state of her domestic politics. The hour is at hand for a permanent revision of War Debts and for a genuine beginning to the scaling down of armaments. I feel it in my bones that the situation in the world to-day is not unfavourable—from its very desperation—for a breaking at last of these Bedlamite fetters which since the War have crippled all efforts at industrial revival and international confidence.

TYPHOON.—

I have a friend who after the War sank his capital in the banana industry in Jamaica. Twice every three years he comes home for a holiday and always my first question inevitably asks after banana prospects. The past decade has been infamous for upheavals of Nature on a vast and destructive scale, and I can remember hardly any very hopeful replies to my question. But this year I saw him later than usual—in November—and realizing that September and October are the danger months for Jamaican planters, I asked (and was answered) hopefully. All was very well; the typhoon months had proved kind and the prospects were fairer than usual. But even as he spoke, the labours of a year and the hopes of better times were being laid low by the delayed and untimely fury of Nature which has struck terror in and brought ruin to the West Indies and the Eastern Seas. Will he give up in despair? Not he. To veer, how vain! To "get out" in these days, as we all know, is economically impossible. But if it were not so, it is not in man's nature to admit defeat at the hands of Nature. Those who live under a volcano or upon a weak spot on the crust of earth ever rebuild the ruins of their homes and hopes. Their spirit is infused with the oldest cordial—passion for the land that breeds them and tests them and wears out their strength. *Illis praeter omnes angulus ridet*—however often that smile changes to a frown.

A NEW SESSION.—

Yesterday, although the restiveness of troop-horses of the escort lamentably marred the effect of the procession, the King opened a new session. If to any session in our political history the trite quotation may be applied, "Big with the fate of Cato and of Rome," it is surely this. Let Cato stand for civilization, and Rome be rendered as home. The coming year of Parliament appears (in advance) so full of possibilities in the issues known and still to know, that I prefer to defer comment till next week, when the implications of the King's Speech—the official agenda—have been digested and political students have had an opportunity to read not only the lines, but between the lines.

AMY.—

Mrs. Mollison made fresh history last week-end. Hers is the spirit, I suppose, which has carried her by right of her achievements into the front rank of a tiny band of pioneer

sletter

women—women of deeds—among whom Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale, Grace Darling, Amelia Earhart, and one or two more instantly suggest themselves. She has been the most successful of all the victorious generals who in the past decade have driven from the stricken field those two now lamentable old marshals, the once unconquerable allies, Time and Space. The last Roman Governor of Britain and Sir Robert Peel (summoned from Rome to form a Government for Queen Victoria) took precisely the same time to reach London from Rome. Since 1900, however, time and space have been battered out of recognition. It has all happened in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye. Small wonder if we are suffering from indigestion and swelled head. Amy is entitled to filch from a greater than she for her epitaph those lines that triumphantly raise a mortal above the laws of Nature:

"And panting Time toiled after her in vain."

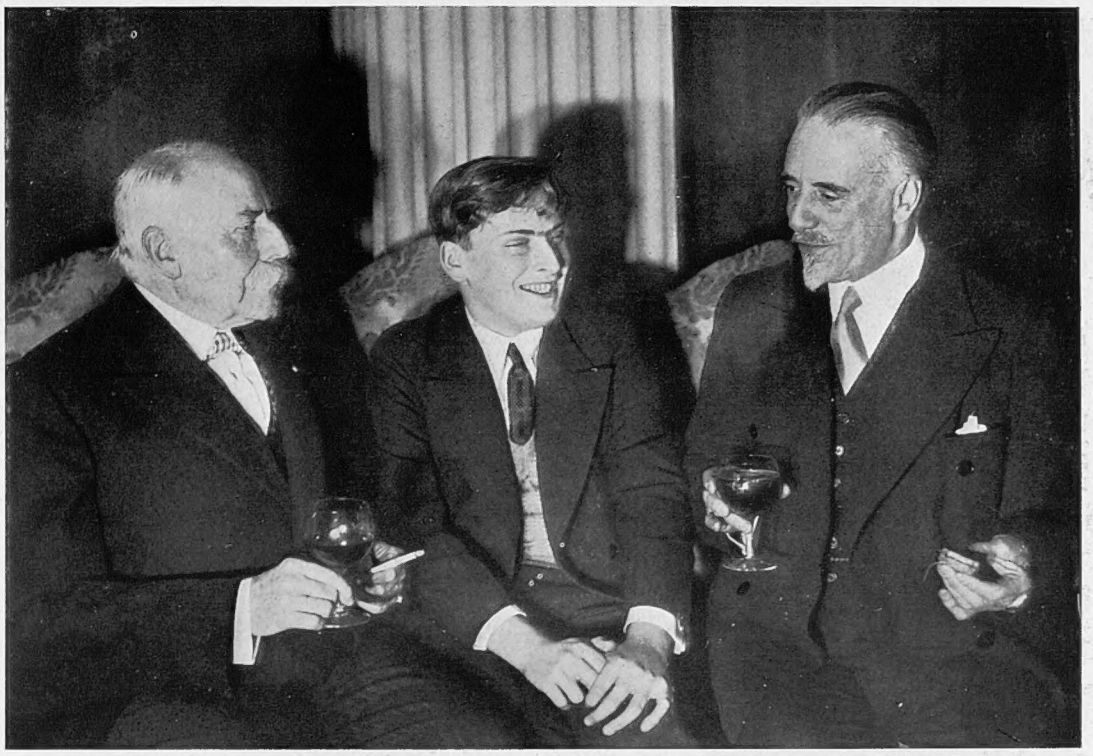
THE FLYING SUPERMAN.—The business done by the Prince of Wales during the past few weeks must surely constitute a record, even for him. I have a feeling that he simply cannot rest while the state of the country remains as it is, and that these continuous public engagements which take him zigzagging back and forth across these islands and the surrounding seas are as a safety valve to his pent-up feelings of sympathy, and an outlet for his restless desire to put things right. Even a superman—as in many ways he is in the combination of his own natural abilities and the power of his position and reputation—can do little; but what a man of courage and character and influence can do in crises like these is to keep men's hearts up, and that the Prince does constantly and supremely well. It would interest me to know how many flying hours the Prince has to his credit, and how many thousand miles of travel by every means of transport. November is a bad time for flying, or I daresay he could have saved himself much fatigue of late in continuous travel if he had used an aeroplane. Indeed, the new Vickers' Viastra which he has just ordered—a twelve-seater limousine—is almost a necessity for engagements so continuous and so far apart. On it he will doubtless be able to dine or breakfast in comfort, and to rest at greater ease than in a two-seater 'plane. I only wish for his sake that the Viastra could contain a squash court and shower bath, but, doubtless, ingenuity can devise some more convenient method of taking exercise in the air.

SPORT IN FULL SWING.—The shooting season is half over, hunting has well begun. It is a sorry shooting season. Two lean years have followed two very fat years for partridges and wild pheasants. The landowners and syndicates, who gave up rearing pheasants after 1931 from stern necessity, looked for their sport to the partridge and the wild pheasant, and looked in vain, at least to the partridge. Whether it is slag on the grass lands, or unlucky weather, or an enfeebled stock, the fact remains that in the southern partridge countries conditions are lamentable, and many good shoots are not worth, and do not justify, shooting over. I feel sorry for that fine fellow, the keeper, who suffers in more ways than one or two and whose labours and care do not diminish with the stock he conserves. As for hunting, it always appears to be "business as usual." The sport seems to survive by a miracle. Masters resign, and new enthusiasts are found to take their places. How anybody can afford to hunt regularly in the Shires today is a black mystery. Yet there are hundreds of happy families who do it, and scorn to lower the exalted "standard of living" which the business appears to demand. It seems indeed that, whatever befall, the rich we have always with us.

. . . .

But I am certain of one thing. The rich alone could never keep hunting alive in this country and these days. Hunting survives more from the enthusiasm and determination of those-who-must than from the money of those-who-can. The obstacles are tremendous. Wire and poultry compensation needs ever more money. The opponents of blood sports clamour each year more loudly; political and class-war enemies tend to increase. Hunting's stoutest supporters—the farmers—stand on the verge of ruin, and there is hardly an acre of England that is not "shot to death" by syndicates, marauders, and smallholders. And finally, "foot and mouth" seems to be ineradicable. I take my hat off to the man-who-must; the word impossible is not in his sporting dictionary.

THE OLD STAGER.

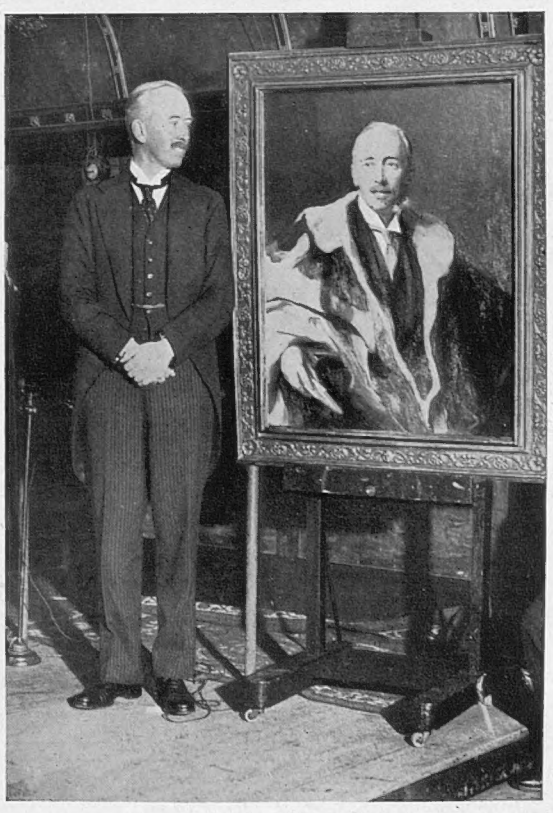


A MUSICAL CONSTELLATION: Sir Edward Elgar and Sir Thomas Beecham toast M. Yehudi Menuhin, the sixteen-year-old Armenian-American-Jew virtuoso of the violin, who played the first-named's Concerto in B Minor, conducted by the composer, and two other major pieces without a note at the Albert Hall last Sunday. Menuhin has played in public since he was six, when he obtained a position in a San Francisco orchestra, and is now the highest paid musician in the world

GODSPEED: Mr. A. J. Mollison bids au revoir to Amy Johnson before she set out to break his record to the Cape by 10½ hours

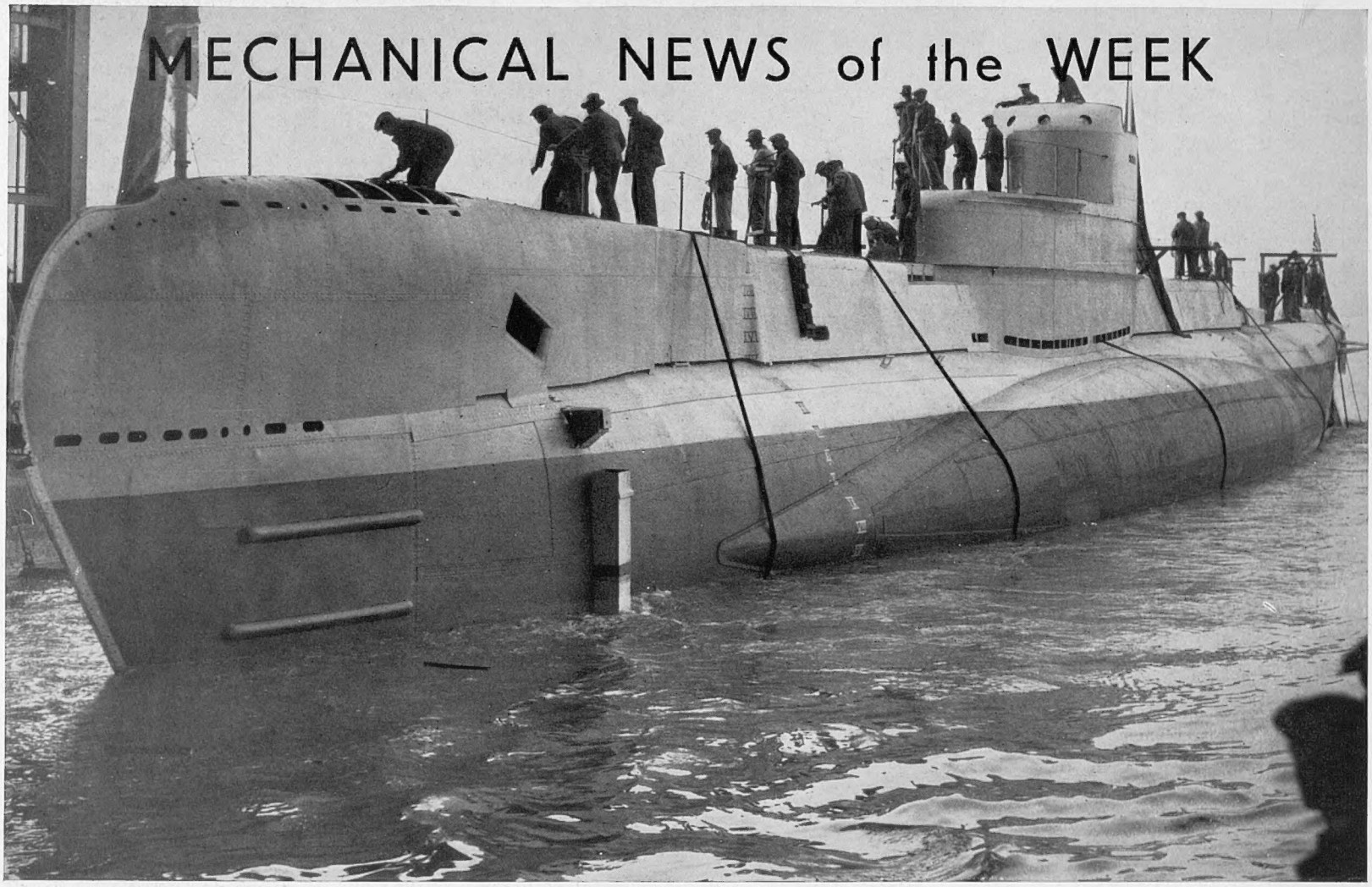
THE PIPE OF PEACE: Mr. Baldwin at the Bonar Law Memorial Conservative College at Ashridge Park—the training school for politics

A.A.: New fog flares have been adopted by the scouts of this organization, one of which is seen above at Banstead on the Brighton Road. They were wanted on last week's black Friday

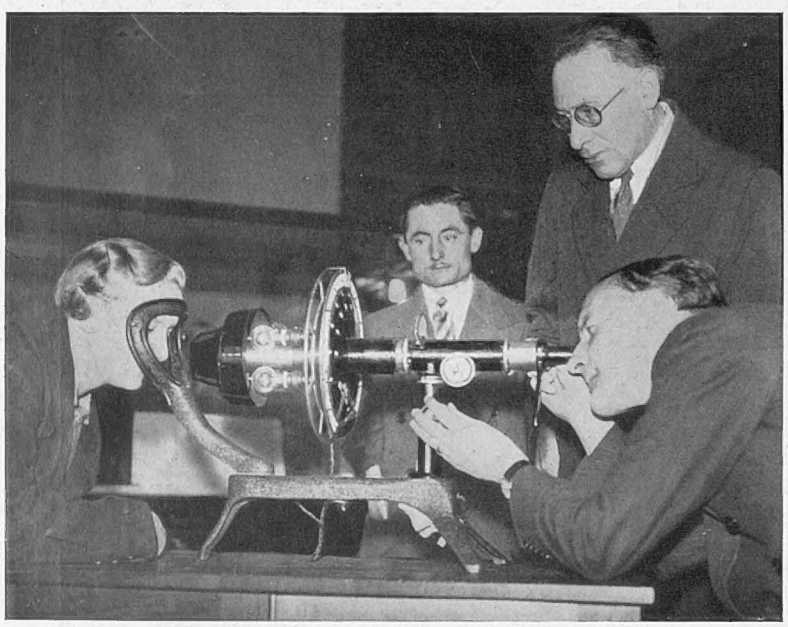


AT CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER: Earl Grey, Chairman of the Central Board of Finance of the Church of England, was presented by the Primate with the portrait of himself by de Laszlo

MECHANICAL NEWS of the WEEK

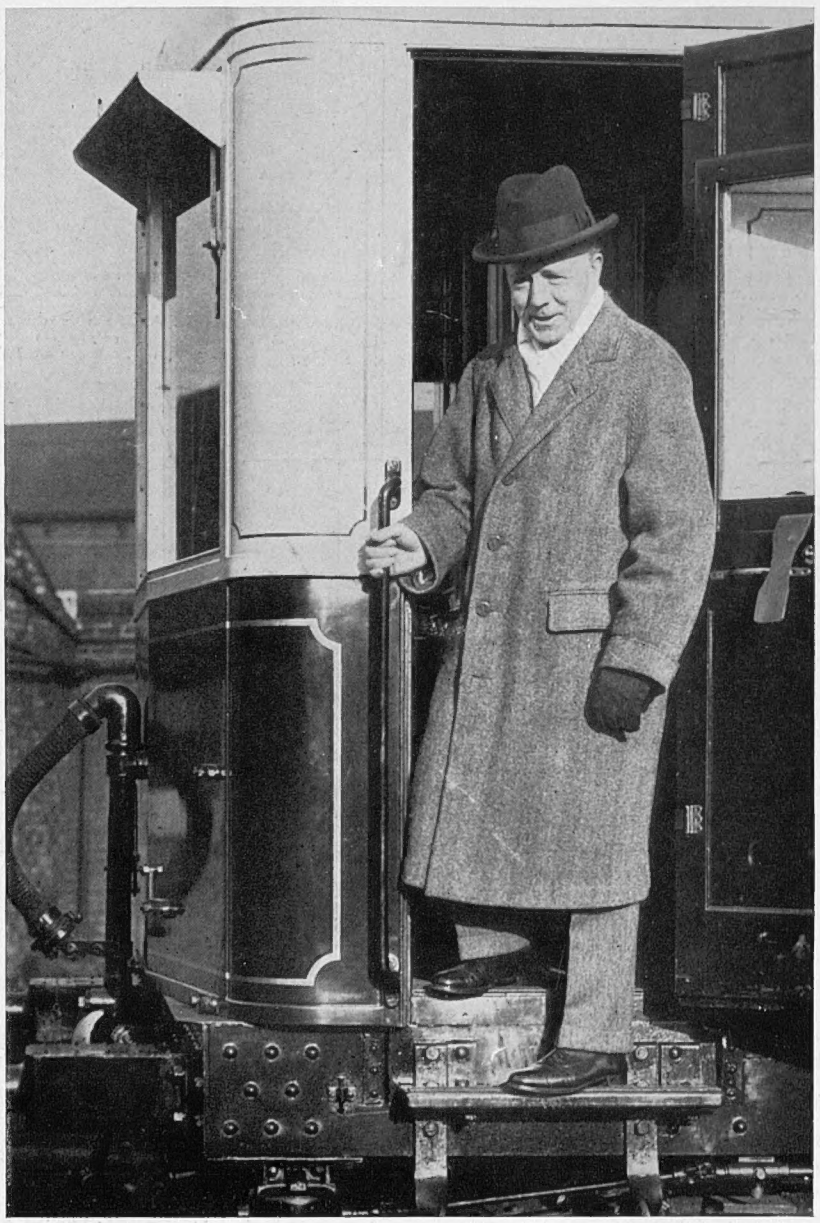


BRITAIN'S NEWEST SUBMARINE: H.M. Submarine, *Seahorse*, at Chatham Dockyard, caught by the camera after being launched. She was christened by Mrs. H. W. Bowring, the wife of Vice-Admiral Bowring. The *Seahorse* has a length of 187 ft., a beam of 24 ft., and a standard displacement of 640 tons. The *Sea Lion*, the contract for which has just been placed with Messrs. Cammell Laird, will be of a similar type to the *Seahorse*. The *Sea Lion* is the first of two vessels ordered to be built by contract under the 1931 scheme. The total cost of one of these submarines is about £250,000



EYE-TESTING: A keratometer being tested at the Optical Exhibition at the Science Museum — devoted largely to the display of various devices whereby the properties and nature of light may be determined

TESTING CHAINS AND ANCHORS: This machine was made at Birmingham for Lloyd's Proving House, and is 180 ft. long and weighs 250 tons. It is capable of exerting a pull of 750 tons, and yet is sensitive to $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.



A DIESEL ELECTRIC TRIAL: Mr. Walter Runciman, who headed a party from Transport House, witnessed at Newcastle the trials of the new Diesel electric locomotives, built by Armstrong Whitworth for the Argentine

ITEMS of INTEREST

THE SILVER FOX SHOW: More than 200 of the finest silver foxes bred in England were on show at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, last week. A few of them are seen above under review. Despite adverse climatic conditions, some seventy silver fox farms have been started of late

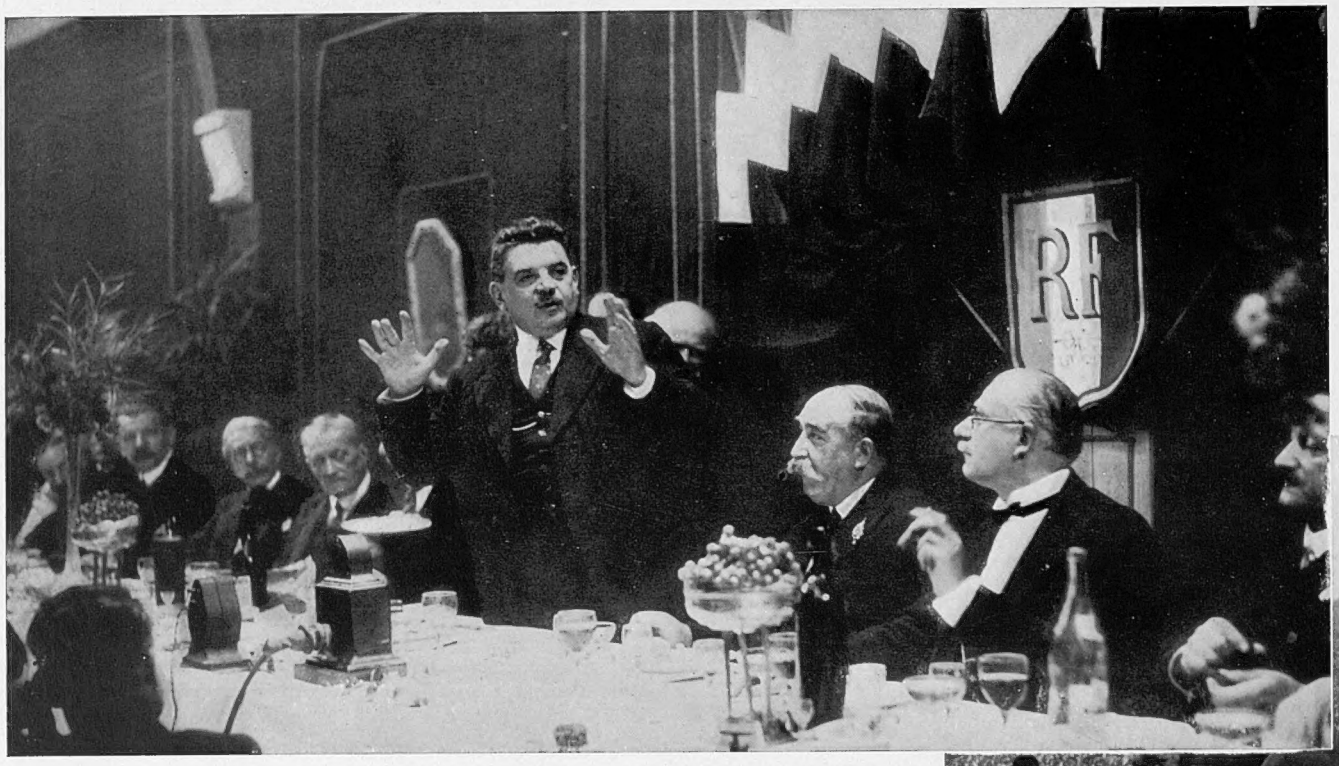
FOR THE INDIAN ROUND-TABLE CONFERENCE: Mr. Tarasingh arrives at the House of Lords for the third and final Indian Round-Table Conference

ROME EXPRESS: The première at the New Victoria of the outstanding British film proved one of the most brilliant social events. The film, directed by Walter Forde, was the first to be made in the new Gaumont British Studios, and included Conrad Veidt, Cedric Hardwicke, Gordon Harker, Joan Barry, and Frank Vosper. Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught were present at the function, which was held at 11.30 p.m., and was followed by a stage party

FRA

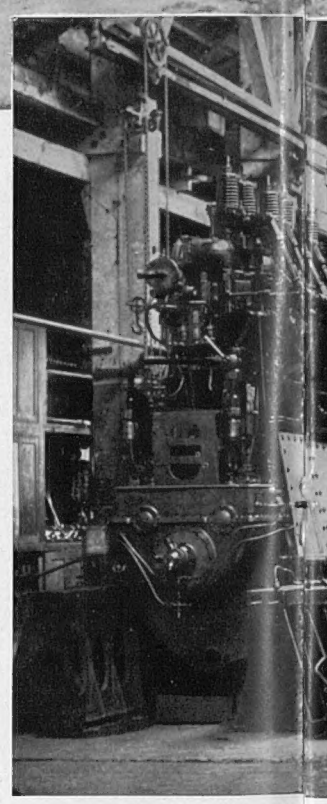
Copes with

The Brilliant Arran Maintains Her Inter External and Eternal



GALLIC EXPANSIVENESS: M. Herriot, during his recent visit to Lens. The whole internal tone of France is extremely healthy, owing to the self-supporting nature of the country, and, unlike more industrial nations, the pinch has fallen rather on the country than the towns

WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES: The peasantry has felt the major force of the depression, but so thrifty and so proud of being self-supporting is it that its members apply for relief only when the last centime in the stocking has been expended



THE GREAT INDUSTRIES OF employees much higher Vickers-Normand

France, richest nation in Europe to-day and dominant power of the post-War era, is the great paradox of the world trade crisis.

For three years, during which the depression deepened over both agrarian and industrial States, France continued to enjoy business as usual—literally as usual. In 1931 industrial production was only 2 per cent. below the 1928 figure. No wonder that Frenchmen, secure within "slump-proof" frontiers, refused to get excited about the woes of other, less fortunate, lands. Vive la France!

Then, in some unrecorded grey dawn of December, 1931, the enemy broke through the "cordon sanitaire" represented by tariff barriers, import quotas, gold reserves, and the rest of the methods by which France had defied the slump. Unemployment figures bounded upwards. Production sagged. Exports began to fall steeply. Business firms cut down their staffs, even though factories did not reduce the number of workers. Almost overnight, France came within the orbit of the depression which had for so long been held at bay.

During 1932 the decline in trade has been rapid. A fall of 30 per cent. in production, compared with 1928; a decline of over 50 per cent. in exports, and an admitted million unemployed in a land which knew not the meaning of that word as recently as 1930—these and many other facts prove that the slump is at last being felt in "slump-proof" France, although less severely than by her industrialized neighbours.

Try to trace the effects of that "slow down" in the daily lives of the French people, however, and one comes up against the paradox. Psychologically, the average Frenchman and woman are still "slump-proof."

Yesterday no Frenchman gave a second thought to the trade crisis. It was something that existed in other lands which one read about in newspapers but which did not exist for all-powerful France, securely pursuing her destined path to greater glories; something which provided France with an opportunity to attach desirable political conditions to the loans in search of which Europe's debtor nations came hat in hand to Paris.

To-day an occasional hint is heard that the pleasant dream may be shattered if the depression deepens, but it is only a hint. The Minister of Finance, faced with the falling yield of taxation, may be worried. A decline of 17½ per cent. in traffic receipts during the first half of 1932 may disturb those whose business it is to keep the railways solvent. British tariffs may have hit the formerly "untouchable" French peasant, the most conservative class in all Europe. But the average Frenchman refuses to be very interested. The average French worker still enjoys (with a few important exceptions) the same rate of wages as in 1928. And the average French factory still has enough orders on its books to prevent the management from getting too excited. In a word, the greatest economic emergency in all history, as President Hoover called it, may have dealt Germany an all but knock-out blow, but it has not disturbed France.

When one seeks the reasons for this satisfactory state of affairs, various opinions are offered. France enjoys a protected home market with a high purchasing power. And that internal purchasing power has been reduced by hardly one franc since 1928. Her internal economy is more evenly balanced between town and country than is the case with most other nations. This "natural equilibrium" between town and countryside accounts for much. It accounts for the fact that one factory making specialized steel products, which I visited in France, had lost almost its entire export trade, and yet orders awaiting fulfilment on its books were, at that time, the heaviest for any six months since 1924! Bulgaria may be forced, by currency difficulties, to offer Macedonian tobacco in exchange for machinery, and the Greeks to offer shiploads of currants, thereby bringing business connections formerly profitable to a full stop, but the loss is more than made up by heavy orders for 10-ton road transport vehicles. France has chosen this convenient moment to develop the carrying of goods by road.

Some foreign observers see the answer to the paradox in that mountain of sterilized gold lying in the vaults of the Banque de France.

It was a French manufacturer, however, who, in a single sentence, summed up what I believe to be the real answer. "My firm is still busy because Frenchmen have never lost confidence in France," he said.

Certainly it is refreshing, in these days, to meet employers and trade union leaders who are not worried overmuch about falling trade, unemployment, or wage reductions, and who remain serenely confident concerning the future.

The position of France to-day may be described as difficult but not serious.

There are at present about 260,000 unemployed in receipt of Government assistance. But that number represents only one-quarter of the total unemployment, for few Frenchmen will apply for relief, and suffer questions concerning family means, until the last centime of the "nest egg" which every family saves in good times has been spent. This aversion of the Frenchman to applying to the commune for assistance is saving France from at least one of the problems of unemployment—the cost of relief in that country is less than that of any other great European nation.

Nor should it be forgotten that France's idle million were all in jobs in 1930, and most of them were drawing wages in 1931. The strained, nervous look which so often comes into a man's face when he has wrestled with adversity and endured idleness for years rather than months, is not seen in any French city.

For those who apply for the "dole" the rate of relief granted differs according to the district concerned and the local cost of living. A single man receives 70 francs (12s. at the normal rate of exchange) if living in Paris, and 49 francs (8s.) in the provinces. The corresponding rates for a family of four are 157.50 francs (26s. 3d.) in Paris, and 126 francs (21s.) outside that district. Where the income of a family of four, living in Paris, and one member of which is unemployed, exceeds 47 francs (7s. 10d.) a day, or 25 francs (4s. 2d.) a day for a family of two, no relief is allowed.

At Puteaux, an industrial suburb of Paris, I met some of the workless who were not too proud to apply for assistance. They were indistinguishable in dress, appearance, or manner from any of the workers I had seen in the factories. They appeared to be well fed. They held their heads high and joked as they waited their turn at the desk where a competent official was dealing with their cards. Unemployment had, as yet, left no mark upon them. The "mass need" is not yet so great that it swamps private help, as in Germany. Nor can any unemployed Frenchman starve or lose his home through inability to pay the rent. If payments fall into arrear through no fault of the tenant, and the landlord is himself a poor man, then the commune sees that some portion, at least, of it is paid from the municipal funds.

The fact that unemployment has been kept within easily manageable limits, despite a decline of 30 per cent. in industrial production, is however largely due to a factor which is peculiar to France.

In normal years something like 200,000 foreign workers enter that country between January and December to find work in agriculture, mines, and industry. Further, numbers of coloured labourers are imported from the French African colonies. Thus, in the past, France has offset the effects of a stationary population.

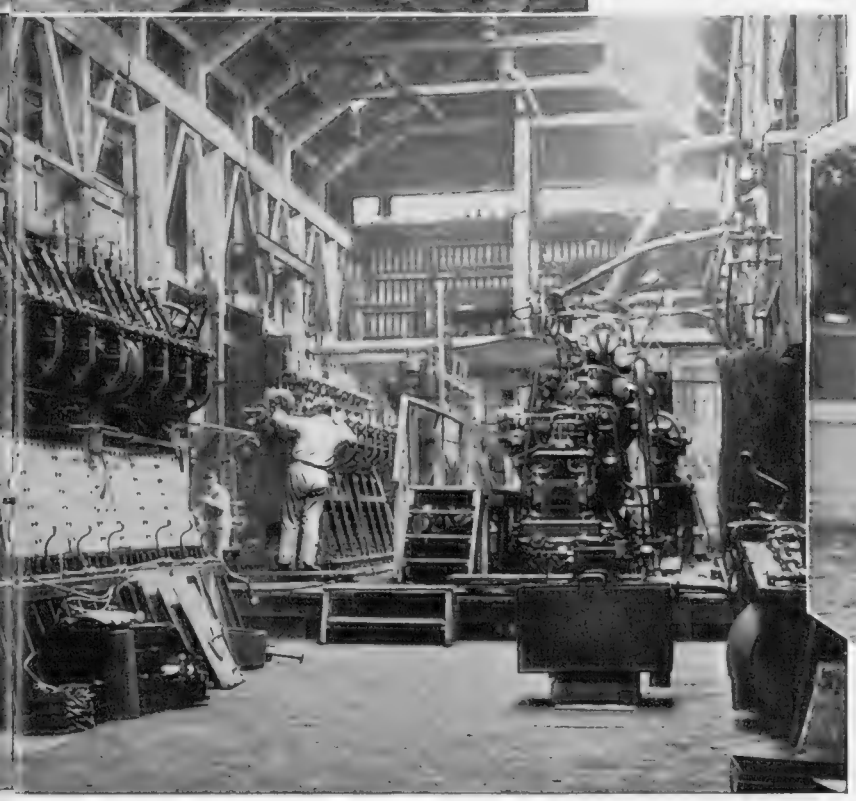
When production began to fall at the end of 1931, many of the coloured workers were repatriated and the regulations governing the admission of foreign labourers tightened up. Further, the large numbers of foreigners who had entered France to secure employment prior to 1931 without taking the precaution of applying for a police permit, are not eligible for unemployment relief. So far as official statistics are concerned, therefore, they do not exist. Many of them, together with others who were eligible for relief, preferred to return to their homes rather than be workless in another country. This reversal of the tide of migration is largely responsible for the fact that the figures of industrial production register a more serious decline than is suggested by unemployment statistics.

Probably not more than 10 per cent. of French workers have yet been touched at all by the gravest trade crisis in history. Apart from a few industries

NCE

the DEPRESSION

gements Whereby the Republic nal Prosperity — and Her One Fear. By H. HESSELL TILTMAN



FRANCE have been devoted to public improvements, thus maintaining a proportion of than has been possible in less financially long-headed nations. This picture shows the Works, where the submarine *Diane* was constructed

THE ONE FEAR OF FRANCE is not depression, nor even national economic ruin, but the potential armed might of her neighbour across the Rhine

them citizens of France. Sheltered from the wind of adversity by tariff walls and import quotas, which kept the price of wheat at a figure double the prevailing world price, it seemed as if they would escape the trials and tribulations which for four years have been the common lot of peasant proprietors in Europe.

Then something happened to dispel the dream. Britain, their best and nearest customer, raised a tariff wall, albeit a modest one, against the vegetables, fruit, flowers, and other things which the French peasant grows. Not only did prices fall heavily, but profits dropped even more steeply. Vegetables, formerly shipped as a matter of course to the London market, became either unsaleable at any price or sellable only at a loss. The markets of Paris and other cities were swamped with produce formerly exported, so that French housewives enjoyed a larger selection of vegetables and fruit than they had ever done in the past.

Falling incomes in other lands hit the wine-growers. A cask of wine which sold for 175 francs in 1931 was fetching 85 francs twelve months later. Such a fall in the course of a single year was without precedent. Had those peasants not been thrifty in the past there would be widespread distress in rural France to-day. As it is, the peasants have been hit harder than the town labourers—up to the present.

The surest evidence that industrial France has not suffered half as severely as have either Britain or Germany is to be found in the attitude of Ministers and trade union officials towards the crisis.

"What steps will be taken to meet the need of the coming winter should the situation deteriorate further?" I asked one of the most famous union leaders in France.

"We shall press for a big programme of public works," was the answer. "Our Government is believed to be favourable to such a proposal should unemployment become more acute. And there is plenty to be done. Improvements to our harbours, repairs and replacements to bridges, the construction of new roads, further electrification schemes (10,000 communes of France have no electric supply at present), additional schools, hospitals, and workers' houses."

that are especially depressed—including textiles, coal, and the luxury trades—there have been no general wage reductions.

What has happened is well illustrated by the experience of the steel industry. In Germany, steel production is down to 20 per cent. of the pre-slump figure. In the United States it is down to 15 per cent. The French steel works are still producing to about 70 per cent. of capacity—a degree of well-being which must be unique in this crisis-ridden world of ours. Reductions in the numbers of workers employed, as compared with 1928, do not exceed 12 per cent. Wages have not been reduced at all, skilled steel-workers receiving about 50 francs for an eight-hour day on time rates, and up to 70 francs on piece work. Many works have, however, introduced a shortened working week of forty-four hours, instead of fifty-two hours as formerly.

The French peasants escaped equally lightly—until this year. For ten years, up to 1931, the peasant millions enjoyed a steady prosperity. Every year they placed 10 per cent. of their incomes in a safe hoarding place, far from banks and income-tax inspectors, and blessed the good God who had made both in Paris and in provincial France, what *does* interest the French working man to-day!

It is not the depression. France has been more or less "slump-proof" for so long that the average Frenchman is either frankly uninterested or unconsciously arrogant concerning the fate of other nations in the economic blizzard. France is apprehensive about the future—very apprehensive. But her fear has nothing to do with falling trade returns or unemployment. France is afraid of history repeating itself and waking up one morning to find that 1914 has come again. A French statistician estimated recently that by 1935 the number of Frenchmen attaining military age will decline by 100,000, due to the sterility of the war years, and that there will be an annual shortage of that number until 1940. For that reason, and because France has seen her sons marching to the battlefields twice in the last sixty years, the threat of German rearmament sent a shudder of terror through the heart of France.

Englishmen may regard another war as unthinkable. The Frenchman remembers only that the unthinkable happened in 1914. One may point to the League of Nations, to a change of heart in Germany, to the Locarno Treaty, the Kellogg Pact, and all the other measures designed to safeguard the peace of Europe. In his heart the Frenchman distrusts treaties—did the famous "scrap of paper" save Belgium, he asks?

Every Frenchman is convinced that there is only one sure guarantee that his nation will be left in peace for the rest of his lifetime—and that guarantee is a disarmed Germany. No one can appreciate the intensity of the feelings aroused by the veriest whisper of Germany's intention to rearm, who has not listened to the comments of French workmen and peasants in the estaminets and cafés of small French cities. No one who has listened to, and talked with, them, can harbour any illusions concerning the genuine desire for peace which exists in France to-day. Whatever their Governments may say or do, the French people desire peace more ardently than ever before.

In other words, France is, in November, 1932, just approaching the degree of emergency which existed in Britain *before* the real depression developed. And France, true to her age-long tradition of spending her money at home, on her own cities, is contemplating providing temporary work for her workless, should conditions grow worse, by measures similar to those adopted in this country before the severity of the crisis destroyed the hope of remedying matters by relief schemes. Nothing reveals more clearly the good fortune which has attended France during the immediate past than that striking fact.

"Announce a meeting to discuss the trade crisis, and you will be lucky if 500 people turn up," said a foreign journalist living in Paris to me. "But call a disarmament meeting, and see what happens."

With that comment in mind, I secured tickets for a disarmament demonstration in the Bullier Hall, at Paris, when Maxim Gorky, Henri Barbusse, and other prominent Communists were to speak.

I arrived outside the hall two hours before the time advertised for the opening of the meeting, to find the roadway completely blocked by some 15,000 workers, clamouring, fighting for admission. And thus I learnt, at that and other disarmament meetings

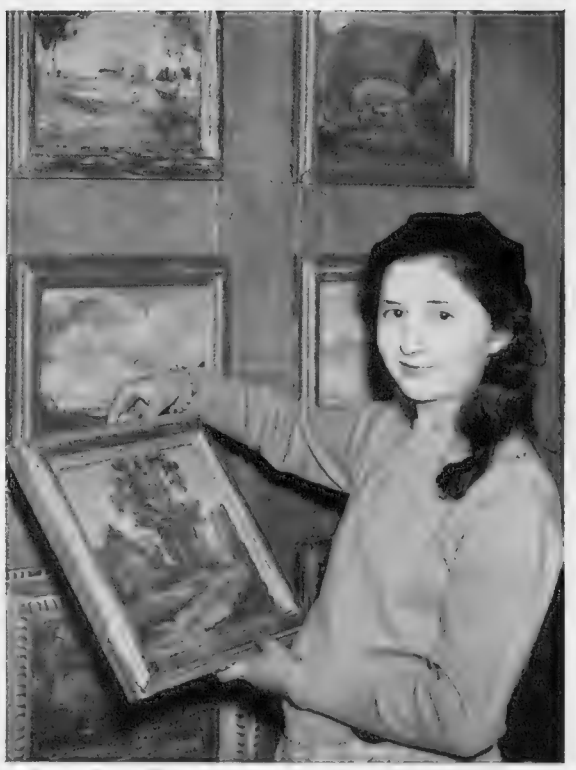
The determination of that nation to remain the most powerful military power on the Continent is the measure of their fear—fear, and not ambition, is behind those massed battalions and military aerodromes.

That nightmare, and nothing else, makes France afraid.

PERSONAL

THE PAINTER AND THE MODEL: Mr. Fiddes Watt, whose picture, "My Pavement Artist," has attracted considerable attention, and the model, an elderly Screever, whose pitch is outside Mr. Watt's house

THE COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH leaving the great political crush at Londonderry House. Her latest memoirs are much discussed



HER SECOND ONE-GIRL SHOW: Miss Peggy Somerville, the talented fourteen-year-old daughter of Mr. Charles Somerville, the noted artist, is holding a second one-man show at the Beaux Art Galleries

LEADERS OF NORTHERN IRELAND: Lord Craigavon, the Premier, and the Duke of Abercorn, the Governor of Northern Ireland, whose seat, Baron's Court, is a show place of Ulster, in front of the £1,600,000 new Parliament building donated by Britain

LORD CARSON IN STONE and of heroic size—Mr. Merrifield's 14-ft. statue to embellish the Ulster Parliament building

THE FIRST EXHIBITION to be held by the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Watercolours in London for over fifty years is now at the Arlington Galleries. Captain E. A. Borthwick and Sir Godfrey Collins are seen above

THE BRITISH JACKIE COOPER: Master John Singer, a Hammersmith boy, takes his lessons between scenes during the production of *King of the Ritz* at the British Lion Studios

IVORY CROSS: Miss Ridgeley Carter as a De Predia angel at the dress rehearsal of the great charity matinée held at the Hippodrome this week

WORDS AND MUSIC: Miss Phyllis Dare, who has entered the cast of the new Adelphi revue, discusses with Mr. Noel Coward her triumphant return and oysters in her dressing-room

"THE SPHERE" Surveys the WORLD

A FIRE BRIGADE DISPLAY was held in Hamburg on the sixtieth anniversary of the foundation of its fire brigades. A "City Hall fire" was organized to show the public the quality the work has achieved

MARTINMAS ON THE RHINE: The Hungarian who became Bishop of Tours, and died in Poictiers in 400 A.D., is still honoured on November 10 in the Lower Rhine, notably at the Jan Willem Memorial at Dusseldorf

AMAZONS OF JAPAN: Some of the 3,000 students of High Schools in Tokio who are being instructed by army officers in the handling of rifles to acquaint them with the conditions of the military life

"SPEAK INTO MY LAPEL": Mr. E. Husing, a noted U.S. broadcaster, canvassed the opinions of various men in the street during the recent Presidential Election. His microphone was set in his coat lapel, but he had a concealed pocket switch to cut off if the need arose

A SPY TURNED BUDDHIST PRIEST: Lincoln Trebitsch, ex-German spy and ex-English M.P., is now a Buddhist monk who patronises vegetarian restaurants in Berlin

A CENTENARIAN CELEBRATION: Dr. Guerlot, the distinguished French physician, celebrated his hundredth birthday by delivering an address to the Academy of Medicine

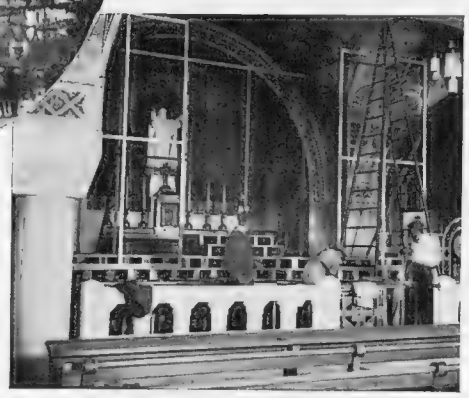
THE REPRESENTATIVE OF A NEW STATE: Hsieh Chieh-Shih, the Foreign Minister of Manchukuo, leaves for an audience of the Emperor of Japan, the only country to recognize the new State

A LOURDES in the Making

A Record of a Visit Made Last Week to the Little Town in Calvados, a Short Run from Deauville, where the Sanctity of St. Thérese is being Exploited in Very Modern Fashion

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE LOURDES IN THE MAKING: A street in Lisieux decorated for the occasion when the basilica to Ste. Thérèse was inaugurated



THE HIGH ALTAR IN THE CRYPT of the new cathedral to Ste. Thérèse at Lisieux

MERCHANTS OF PIETY, in literal translation of the French phrase, with the roses of the Saint pendant from their premises

LISIEUX.

Paradoxically the God-denying Third French Republic is being dowered with saint after saint. Rome evidently finds France a worthy field. Since the War two women of France have been canonized and one man, the Curé d'Ans, a third woman is half-way there, and now first steps have been taken by the Cardinal of Paris towards eventual canonization of a boy of that city about whom 650,000 signatures have reached the Pope. No other country that I know of can show a quarter the picture.

The boy is Guy de Fontgalland, delicate and highly-strung as are so many saints, and fated to suffer greatly, and the remarkable thing is that he died only seven years ago. High speed saints are being made to-day. Joan had to wait nearly 450 years before they took any steps, and then on the strength of her curing a couple of Arras nuns of cancer or something. As if that mattered! Beside the real terrestrial wonders she accomplished. Yet a saint must needs have physically healed twice.

Here in this old Norman cattle town is enshrined the record canonization of them all, Saint Thérèse, who was given the supreme elevation but twenty-eight years after her death in 1897, and the temptation to write about her now has been provoked by Bishop Barnes. I wonder when the Bishop latterly delivered himself to the effect—

"I know that many medical certificates can be produced vouching for cures at Lourdes and elsewhere. Doubtless such were obtained in equal numbers by the guardians of pagan shrines five centuries before Christ taught in Galilee. Belief so irrational will, at times, cure functional disorders which are probably of mental origin. But it is untrue that a visit, combined with prayer, to some sacred shrine will lead to the instantaneous cure of such diseases as tuberculosis or locomotor ataxia."

—I wonder, was Bishop Barnes aware that a second Lourdes is in the making two hundred direct miles from London as distinct from that situate in the back of the Pyrenean beyond? And I wonder also, has the Bishop acquired the full significance of these places which, if they do not rectify limbs, yield comfort to countless thousands and anticipatory sustenance, over long years maybe, to the grievously stricken in body? nor do many of the unanswered turn away in bitterness and unbelief. Being extra-rational need not hinder one seeing straightly.

Thérèse gains over all other saints by being so *living*. This afternoon I spoke with one who knew her well; she would be fifty-nine to-day, had she not been undermined by tuberculosis. Born at Alençon, where her parents, named Martin, had a lace business, Thérèse was pretty and had golden hair, as one can testify. Headstrong and violent, she was also highly-strung and for ever suffering. Her mother died young of a malignant malady, and her father of progressive paralysis ending in insanity. Of nine children, but five survived, and four of these successively entered the Carmelite convent here, and a fifth, the Benedictine. Three of the sisters are at the former to this day, including the principal who was once Marie, and cared for the motherless future saint. The unique actuality, presence, of Sainte Thérèse is enhanced by the copiousness of her belongings and surroundings that it has been possible to preserve. Against the ashes in the Seine of a Joan, here is nearly everything of Thérèse, from her golden locks to her body, her toys, her clothes, her bed. Small doubt but that this sense of physical nearness is responsible for much in the unexampled cult, swift, far-flung, devoted, of "the little flower of Lisieux."

With the bed, the first miracle said to have occurred is closely linked. At twelve, Thérèse was dying when suddenly she had a vision of the Virgin and regained her frail health. Bernadette Soubirous, also at twelve, saw the Virgin in a grotto at Lourdes, origin of that place. That occurred in the 'sixties; therefore some twenty-five years before Thérèse had her vision in the North. Sister Bernadette, an uninspiring personality, died a nun at Nevers, aged thirty-five, and, as usual, after great suffering. She is buried there, and has twice been exhumed and her body exposed, when it is said not to have altered. The first time it was taken to Lourdes; the second occasion was as recently as 1925 when Bernadette was beatified. Her canonization, unlike Thérèse's lightning and record affair, is pursuing the ordinary channels, taking sixty years or more. When Bernadette is made a saint they are going to exhume and show her for the last time.

At fifteen, little Thérèse knelt at Leo XIII's feet in Rome and implored to be allowed to join her sisters in the Carmel, but Leo was evasive, leaving the matter to God, and the self-willed schoolgirl was obliged to wait until seventeen before making her vows. She had always intended to be a saint, and said so, and wrote so in the book which was post-humously to make her, *l'Histoire d'une Ame*. Her "little way" to this sainthood was to renounce everything, in the daily round, to the adored one. Her writings are impregnated by the attitude of the lover, the affianced—no new matter—and when she sees death approaching it announces, "l'arrivée de l'Epoux." She had written her book in her cell in her last two years, its most famed line, figuring everywhere here, being, "je veux passer mon ciel à faire du bon sur la terre." One reads that all her nine years in the convent (where she died aged twenty-four), Thérèse had been perpetually, morally, and physically ill. Supremely, she said, "après ma mort, je ferai tomber une pluie de roses." The more rational have accepted this remark symbolically as meaning blessings; but I listened to an inspired library keeper who told me roses had actually fallen, and I was shown a photograph of one purporting to outline certain surhuman features.

Following which, as luck would have it, I took up *L'Eclaireur* in a café—the local lay Republican paper—and read, oh, such acid things about human credulity in regard to Thérèse, and this despite the growing profit she is putting in these Normans' pockets.

All went quietly with Thérèse until after the War. There she lay in the local cemetery, certainly gaining ever wider renown through her book, yet hardly bringing much difference to Lisieux. In 1923-25, occurred the lightning elevation, due to two Popes breaking all the canons to push on matters, and the devout and the commercial alike awoke to the fact that here was a new Bernadette and better.

The Lourdes model has been followed ever since. Only, with all the intensive exploitation of these times. The unæsthetic hotch-potch of the Pyrenees matured but slowly. Here, it is aspired to piece together a complete second Lourdes, miracles included, inside of a decade from now. Regarding the miracles, it is insisted that whereas Bernadette—or rather, the Virgin at her grotto—acts by contact, curing physical ills, Thérèse cures the soul and at a distance. Not the same thing. And yet, similarity between Lisieux and Lourdes is bound to develop. I acquired a thick official tome setting forth hundreds of bodily cures already said to have been effected by Thérèse. Identical with Lourdes, the same diseases: cancer, T.B., deformities, paralysis. If further proof were needed already the walls of the convent chapel are filling with those self-same plaques rendering thanks for cures. The first I read was from a queen. The next from an officer of the Foreign Legion, stricken in the desert. Spiritual intercessions loom largely (as, incidentally they do also at Lourdes), but the physical is ever present.

But for our economic mad-hattery, Lisieux would be far more advanced than it is. Nevertheless, 60,000 pilgrims assembled in one week last July. The pilgrimage season lasts five months, May to September, when trains and motor-coaches converge from all parts of France. Foreigners have so far not rolled up in quantities because of the dear franc.

"C'est de la commerce maintenant," observed the patronne of my hotel. "Si cette petite-là voyait ça!"

Still, how can the thing be avoided? Modern saints can be made to pay, that is all there is to it. Even to ash-trays, they can pay. One can buy one, at Bijou Fix, enabling the purchaser to flick his cigar-end into the saint's features. What a commerce in trinkets, statues, pictures, literature, relics, images, postcards, confiserie, can be built up! You can buy marzipan with one of Thérèse's roseleaves in relief. As for "true" relics, they abound even to toilet requisites, and a warning has had to go up denying blessings to anything bought unofficially.

The actual process of building up this place went as follows. In 1923 the body was dug up and translated to an enlarged and uglified (style modern) chapel. Next, a Central Office was opened here and near St. Sulpice, in Paris. After that, the Martin villa was refurbished and an unsatisfactory statue of father and child erected in the garden. The next arrival was a "Diorama" of the chief happenings of the Saint's life, a circular panorama with waxen figures. Finally, subscription sheets went out for an enormous 80,000,000 francs basilica, Roman-Byzantine like the Sacré Cœur but perched even higher than that Paris landmark. Only ten workmen are now occupied because of la crise yet it is hoped to finish the marble-cum-mosaic massiveness by 1940.

South America has greatly financed Lisieux as second Lourdes, and now in South America dollars are not so frequent.

Meanwhile, one whole sector of the town came to be given over to Thérèsiana—bazaars, pilgrim pensions, small hotels with holy names, snack restaurants, exchange bureaux, motor coach and tourist offices, shops selling sacred wares—in sum, a minor replica of Lourdes. How complete is the copying may be gauged from the fact that the same firms operate at both places and advertise the fact. Big hotels have sprung up, and hard-by Thérèse's home I noticed plans for *The Pilgrim's Hotel* with 2,000 rooms and all the modern comfort.

It is pleasant to turn from this commercialization to the salle des souvenirs in the convent chapel. Here you see Thérèse's religious belongings and garments, her golden hair (cut at 16), her sewing and refectory materials, a crown of roses she made in her last days, her palette and brushes and paintings, lilies taken from her coffin, and, attached to the wall, her rough, black convent robe, veil, and rosary. Did one attach the hair to that robe, the effect in a half light could be of the owner walking away from one.

Speedily one meets again the ugly. The grave, in an alcove, consists of a gilded and glass rococo crudity showing Thérèse lying in an impossible position propped up by three light blue cushions. "It might have been for la Pompadour," it has been written. And, gazing on the spot where now are rose leaves, I recalled that when times were piping enthusiastic visitors threw 100 franc notes there instead.

Of the essential basilica, ultimate tomb and rallying centre of pilgrimages, only the foundations, terrace, and crypt have been built, but that does not prevent it being already shown on the map as "la Basilique." Gentle anticipation to attract tourists. Progressively, as the building goes on, extensively advertised fêtes will be held to commemorate each new step forward. That attracts, too. General Castelnau spoke to thousands when they opened the crypt this summer, on which occasion loud-speakers thundered hymns o'er the vast terrace. I also noticed loud-speakers in the crypt itself. I fear poor little Thérèse is going to be the first modern saint, that they have taken hold of her possessively. Heavenly voices through loud-speakers! Si la petite avait entendu ça! Perhaps, in her rôle of protectress of all the missions the earth over, Thérèse would have objected less to the use of wireless that is being made to carry her life and message to far-away outposts.

"BRAUTE CHRISTI"

The Initiation of White-Robed German Nuns

THE BRIDES OF CHRIST: The novices are seen wearing black hoods, while the postulants are all in white. There are three stages—postulant, novice, and sister. A postulant may withdraw from the religious life if she have mistaken her vocation

EMBLEMS OF THE CRUCIFIXION: Sisters bearing on their heads miniature replicas of the Crown of Thorns. The postulants wear wreaths of myrtle; those novices who have taken temporary vows bear wreaths of white and green; those of permanent vows, green only

THE RETURN TO THE CLOISTER: The ceremony over, to the triumphant peal of the organ and the jubilation of the bells, the file of nuns makes its way back to the cloister. One of the ceremonies at the initiation consists of placing on the heads of the postulants the black hood of the novice in place of the white bridal veil. Certain services of the initiation are prohibited to the general public; others are of festal character at which lay folk are permitted to be present

AT THE HIGH ALTAR: The postulants—the Bräute Christi—in their white robes, holding lighted tapers and crowned with bridal wreaths, with the Diocesan Commissioner at the Initiatory Ceremony

IN ULSTER TO-DAY

LOYALISTS AT THE OPENING OF THE NEW ULSTER PARLIAMENT AT STORMONT: The vast crowd gathered in Belfast to greet the Prince of Wales, to safeguard whose visit some thousands of troops were drafted into Northern Ireland: a seemingly needless precaution considering H.R.H.'s popularity

THE ALBERT MEMORIAL CLOCK TOWER in Belfast was the centre of a dense crowd of Royalists, gathered to cheer the Prince of Wales. *Above* is a general view of the scene in front of the new Parliament Buildings. The Prince, in naval uniform, is inspecting the Guard of Honour *on the right; in the centre* are Government officials

With Mr. de Valera attracting the limelight on to the Irish Free State, Northern Ireland, to give it the official designation, may suffer from a lack of publicity. The visit of the Prince of Wales to open the new Parliament buildings at Stormont, near Belfast, last week will, no doubt, have served to remind many of the people of Britain that Northern Ireland remains part and parcel of the United Kingdom. The loyalists of the North had never any use for Home Rule, as they demonstrated when it was threatened in 1914 and after the War. When the Southern forces, following guerrilla warfare, were conceded their independence, Northern Ireland received self-government by the Act of 1920. The popular description of the province is Ulster, but actually only six of the counties—Antrim, Derry, Down, Tyrone, Armagh, and Fermanagh—of the original Irish province of Ulster were, for political reasons, incorporated in Northern Ireland. Actually it is within the jurisdiction of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, though in practice the powers of this Parliament have not been exercised with respect to matters within the control of the Northern Ireland Parliament, save at the request or with the concurrence of the Government of Northern Ireland. There are thirteen representatives of Ulster at Westminster, the Imperial Parliament retaining control of certain services such as the fighting forces and customs and excise.

The Ulster Parliament, with its fifty-two members consisting of thirty-seven Unionists, eleven Nationalists, three Independent, and one Labour, has had to be content with temporary accommodation since it first met in 1921, but the new buildings erected by the Imperial Government at a cost of £1,500,000 leave nothing to be desired, for all departments of the Ulster Administration are housed there. Northern Ireland, while to all intents self-governing, enjoys the same fiscal status as the rest of the United Kingdom.

The Irish Free State preferred the other road and apparently has no intention of turning back, though the going appears to be anything but good. When breaking away from Britain they had but one regret, and that was that those six northern counties would have nothing to do with them. The consequence of a separate fiscal policy was that a tariff wall was set up between the two divisions of Ireland and customs restrictions hampered the free flow of trade between the North and the South. The principal sufferers were undoubtedly the inhabitants of the districts on the Free State side of the border, for with their usual markets at Newry, Enniskillen, Strabane, and Londonderry closed to them, except on payment of duties, they were too far from towns on their own side of the frontier.

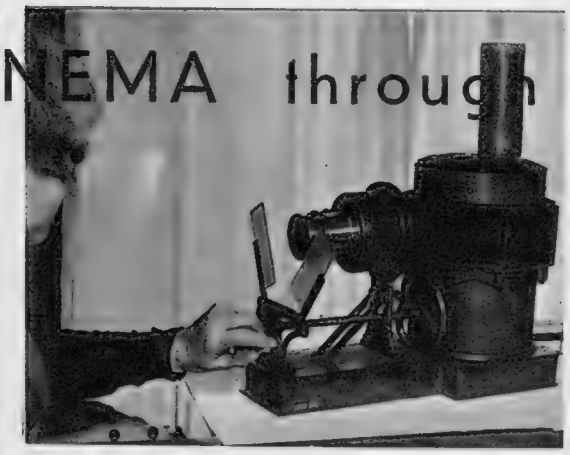
Of the people themselves it must be remarked that they are of two types. There is a strong Scottish vein in many, who are classed as Ulster Scots, a type about which the late Lord Rosebery once became very eulogistic. It is argued that this Scottish strain is responsible for Ulster's present sound position in the industrial world. They have without doubt played their part in building up the trade of the province by their reasoned methods, though their critics are inclined to rate them for their cautiousness. Then we have the proverbial Irish type, more enthusiastic and ready for anything, though his enthusiasm may wane once difficulties appear in the way. The religious question in Ulster is beyond the understanding of the average visitor from across the Irish Sea. Ulster is strongly Protestant, with one-fourth of the population Roman Catholics. There is an inherent bitterness between the two sects, and the slightest provocation will start a "bother" in certain quarters.

I am afraid Ulster has a good laugh when the English Press trips up over its status. Only a few days ago a new English dictionary came out with the following bit of "real Irish": "Lord Lieutenant, (I) the former Viceroy of Ireland, now Governor-General of the Free State of Northern Ireland (Ulster)."

W. Cuthbert.

The CINEMA through the AGES

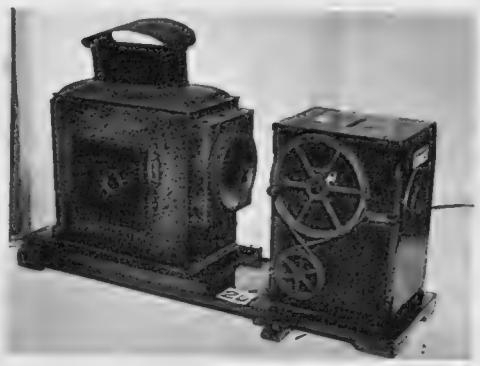
THE VIVISCOPE, an instrument consisting of a pillar, a stand, and a handle—one of the first "motion picture" devices for home use only



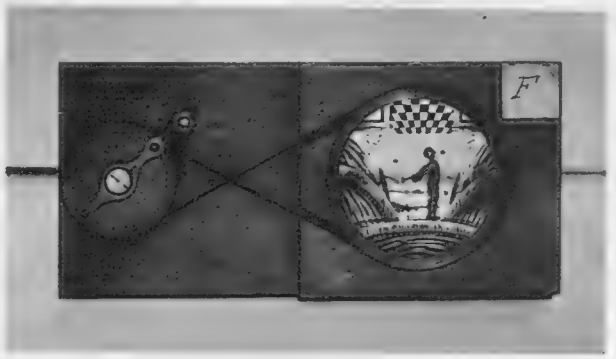
THE BIO-PHANTOSCOPE by Rudge, dating back to 1872, by which trick photography was first done. It created such crowds that it was removed by the police

THE HELIOCINOGRAPH, with a slotted shutter separated from the figure disc but mounted on the same spindle. Introduced by Franz Uchatius. It dates back to 1850.

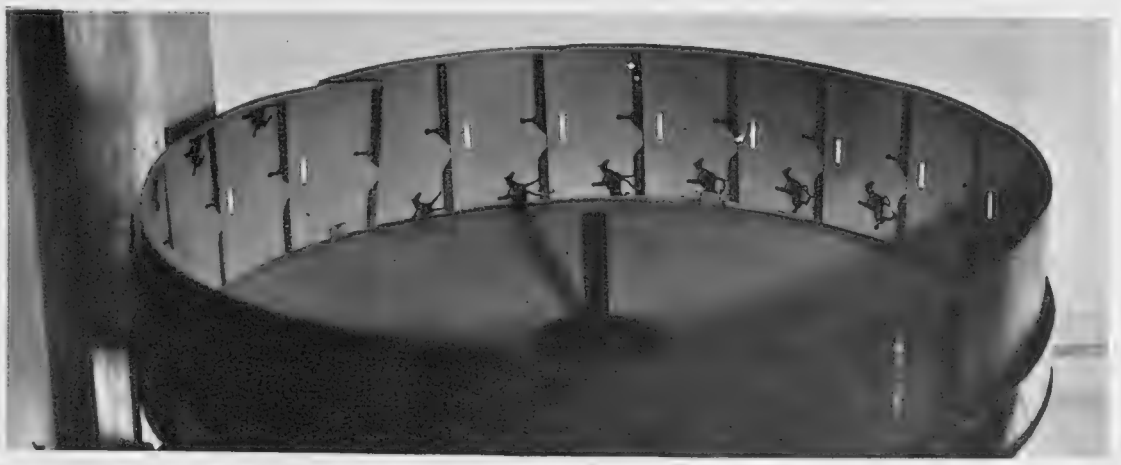
THE ZOETROPE or Wheel of Life, invented by Dr. Homer of Bristol in 1838 and called the Dædalum, but patented twenty-two years later as a Zoetrope by M. Devigny



THE MATAGRAPH PROJECTOR with a lamp house—a popular machine supplied by Levi Jones, Ltd. at the end of last century



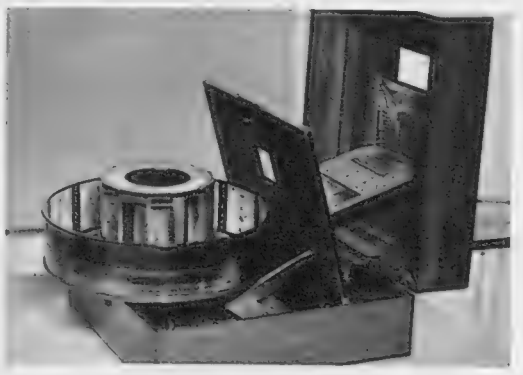
A MECHANICAL EFFECT SLIDE of the Lectard on trapeze. By turning the handle the illusion was created on the magic lantern screen of somersaults or exercises being effected



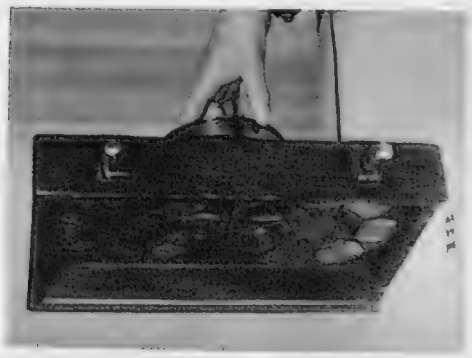
THE TACHYSCOPE invented by Ottomar Anschutz of Lissa Posen. This device was capable of showing movement in two directions only—either directly vertically or directly horizontally. The effect was achieved in 1889 and was attained by the employment of bands of photographic figures

THE KINORA picture viewing machine mounted on a stand and having an adjustable lens. The reel shows Lottie Collins doing the "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay" Dance

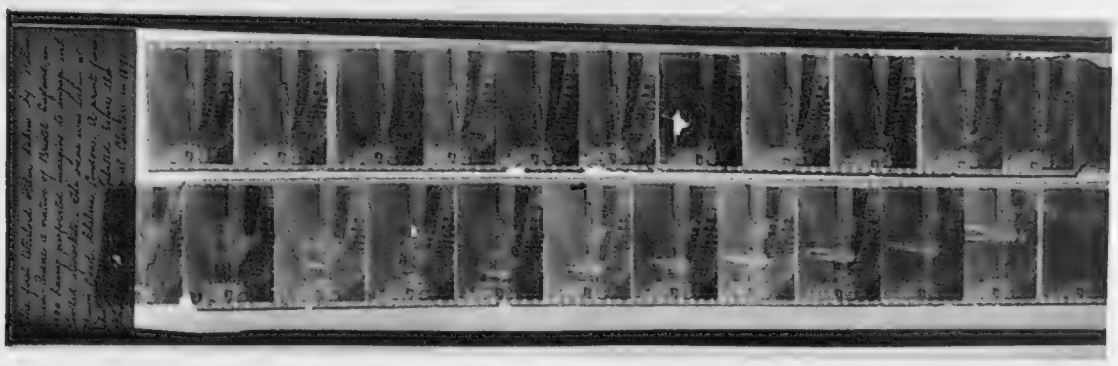
THE ANAMORPHOSCOPE with a set of twelve designs showing distorted figures reconstructed in perfect formation, when seen in a cylindrical mirror—dating from 1635



THE PRAXINOSCOPE THEATRE complete in case with a set of bands printed in colour. Mirrors, a candle, and a hood were needed with this instrument



THE BIO-PHANTOSCOPE in its early stages. Invented by Rudge, a native of Bath, who was experimenting with "movies" in '68, this is one of his earliest efforts. Successive pictures were shown, alternating from one disc to the next, giving a real illusion of movement



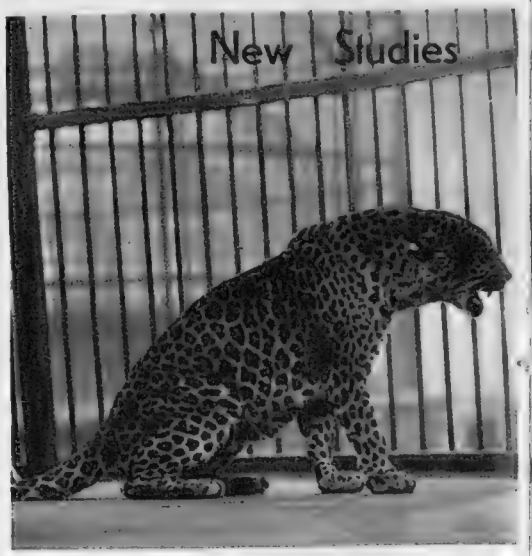
A FILM OF 1900: The original negative taken of a street scene in King's Road, Chelsea. This is the first film ever made on celluloid base with perforated holes at margins to engage with the teeth of a sprocket wheel and was used as evidence against the Motion Picture Trust of America to prove that many years prior to Edison's claim a film had been made and used with perforated margins and fed from a loop. These pictures are all drawn from the fascinating Exhibition of Kinematography at the Royal Photographic Society's Galleries, Russell Square

FELIDÆ AT

New Studies

AND YOU'RE ANOTHER!

Two jaguars enjoy a noisy argument before setting to work to settle it in the time-honoured fashion



SECONDS OUT OF THE RING!

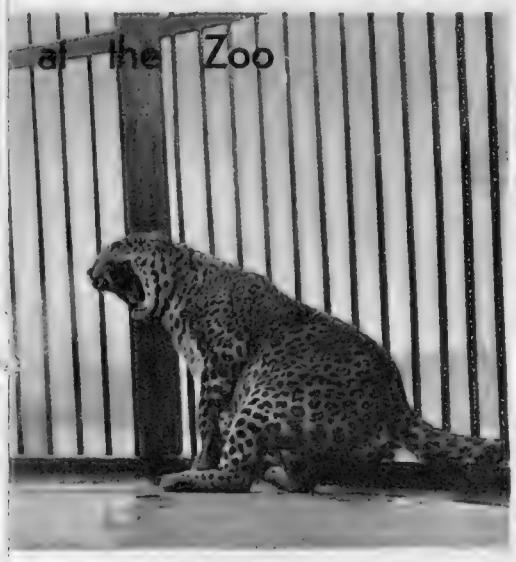
WELL UP AND OVER!

TWO YOUNGSTERS IN THE FAT AND EASY DAYS OF YOUTH

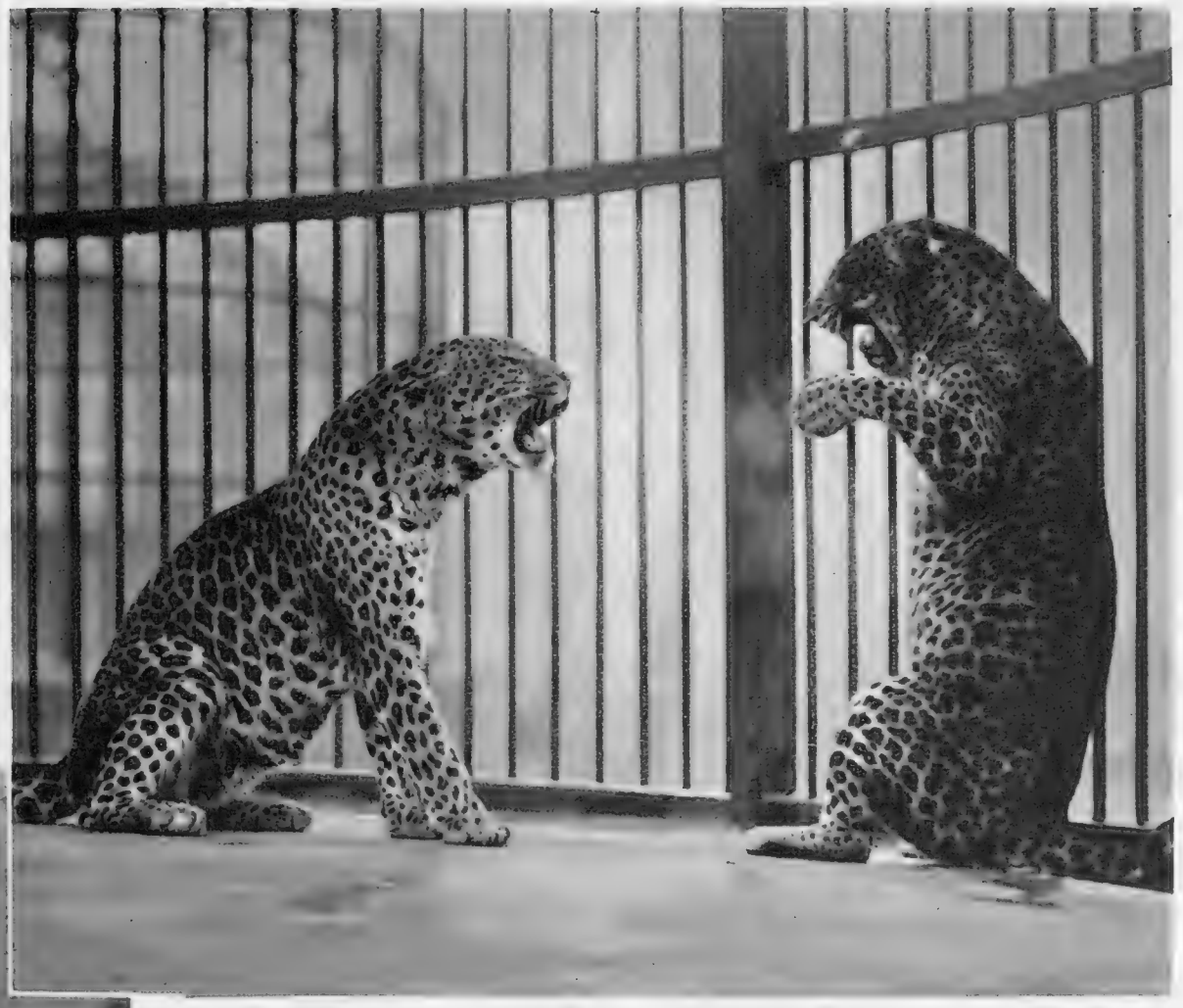
Two enchanting little lion cubs which show as yet neither the slinky lines nor the characteristic colouring of adult life

THE FOSTER-MOTHER

PLAY — and Otherwise at the Zoo



A pair of jaguars, rising to the height of pre-war argument, are totally disregarded by the referee



The jaguars, having screamed and sparred, fall to fighting, each still telling the other his opinion of him

Bill, the leopard, is the high-jump champion of the Zoo and is seen above showing off

I HATE YOU— I HATE YOU!

Jeannie, the collie, who is nursing two new lion cubs at the Liverpool Zoo as well as her own puppy

I DISLIKE YOU MOST INTENSELY — YOU AND YOUR FRIEND

The puma at the Zoo expresses its candid opinion of its visitors, displaying an even row of teeth between its fangs, and flattening its ears

THE WORLD FAIR at CHICAGO

Centre—THE ELECTRIC GROUP: In the left-hand building wireless will be shown; the centre will house telegraph and telephone developments; that on the right will show generation, distribution, and utilization of the precious "juice." *On left* is a nocturnal view of the Hall of Science. *On right* is shown the neon lighting that forms a great feature of the Exposition

TWIN PYLONS, covered with symbolic bas-reliefs, guard the watergate to the electrical building in which will be represented the advance in electrical science since the early days of Morse, Edison, and Marconi

THE CONQUEST OF TIME AND SPACE: A modernistic bas-relief over the entrance to the communications unit. A figure emblematic of electricity rises from a dynamo. *On left* is a figure typifying Science; *on right* one symbolic of the Dark Ages

STEAMSHIP HALL: A portion of the Travel and Transport Building. Its proportions may be guessed by the fact that, later, a life-size replica of the section of a liner is to be housed in it

On June 1 next Chicago will be the scene of the second International Exhibition—the glories of "a Century of Progress."

The exhibition is expected to keep open for 150 days, and will reveal the story of man's achievements in the past one hundred years. It will tell by easy stages and in simple form the history of scientific discoveries and inventions based on those discoveries, and their application to industry.

Various foreign countries have been invited to attend the exhibition and have already signified their intention to take part.

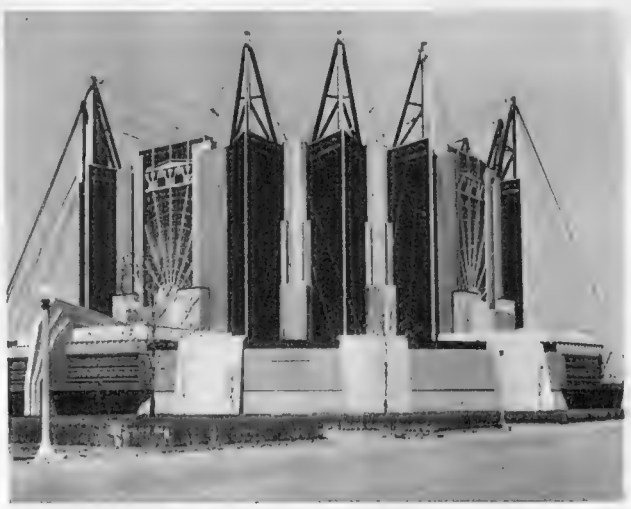
Buildings of astonishing originality will be erected throughout the grounds of the exhibition. They will be a daring departure in architectural form, utilizing colour, planes, and surfaces in ways hardly imagined before. The dramatic effect of light and colouring on their windowless surfaces will be new and inspiring.

Amongst the many buildings worthy of note will be those illustrated on this page.

Spectacular illumination effects will transform the lake front at night into a multi-coloured panorama of light, bathing the buildings in mellow tints and projecting an ever-changing series of picturesque scenes, illuminated cascades, tinted geysers, flaming pylons, dancing and scintillating colours, shadow areas, metallic jewels of high reflected candle power, enchanting gardens glowing in iridescent colours, and other mystical effects are being developed which will make the night a time of captivating beauty. For the first time in the history of any exhibition many of the exhibit buildings will be lighted entirely by artificial light.

Certain features of the amusement section have already been opened and are operating.

Every effort is being made to keep all expenses within the means of the visitors. The admission to the exhibition grounds will be quite reasonable, 50 cents being the general single admission for adults while children's general admission will be 25 cents. Other expenses in seeing the fair will, of course, depend on the desires of the individual.



TRAVEL AND TRANSPORT: The dome, larger than that of St. Peter's, will be remarkable not only for its size but for the fact that its roof forms the first application of the principles of the suspension bridge to architecture

LUCKY PEOPLE of TO-DAY

MME. GERTRUD PALSON-WELLERGREN, who has been described as the most remarkable *diva* ever seen in Sweden. She is seen above in *Aida*

DR. GRETA MARIA EHRENSTEIN, a Viennese physician who has been hailed as a find by the Berlin screen

MISS ROSITA GARCIA, daughter of the Cuban Consul-General in Liverpool, is to star in a new film by Rex Ingram. The portrait is by Professor Angelo

MR. ERNEST LOUGH, the famous ex-chorister of the Temple Choir who, now he is twenty-one, is receiving the royalties on over 600,000 records of "Hear My Prayer." He has also made other records and is now employed on the advertising staff of the Gramophone Company. He is seen above autographing records on his 21st birthday

CHILDREN OF THE PRESIDENT: Mrs. Curtis Dall and Mr. John Roosevelt, the youngest and oldest of the President's children

MISS FRANCE, 1932—alias Mlle de Souza—adjudged the most beautiful girl in her country in the current year, is seen above with MM. Voitichenko, the distinguished composer, and de Nagornoff, two notable members of the Russian colony in Paris, at a table at the famous and fashionable Parisian night club, the Scheherazade

FRAU VON SCHLEICHER, the wife of the German Reichswehr Minister whose belief is in complete standardization and who is regarded throughout the world as the strong man of the Presidential Government

MR. PETER ARNO, the American comic artist now in London, an exhibition of whose pictures is now on at the Leicester Galleries. He is amazingly versatile, having written, composed, and produced a revue and run his own jazz band

TOTE CLUBS:
In the Betting World

WHERE ONE INVESTS BUT DOES NOT BET ON RACES: The interior of a pool tote club, showing the lounge for members with the telling and paying out desks and a board giving race particulars

Just as the craze for cruising this year was a completely new development in British holiday-making, so the sudden popularity of the tote club has entirely altered the character of the old English custom of betting on horses. Within the past ten weeks they have been springing up at the rate of one a day. One of the largest is established only a few yards from Portman Square. This sudden apparition is causing the tensest feeling among the racing fraternity. It is also creating the greatest possible interest among people with dance halls, dance clubs, lecture halls, masonic halls, and any other premises which are not used in the afternoon. There is no doubt about it. The owners of these tote clubs are "Simply Coining Money," to use the headline of my article in THE SPHERE of a fortnight ago. Their profits and immunity from official attention are very largely based on the fact that an Englishman's club is his castle, just as much as his house is. The only danger, say the cynics, is that it may become his dungeon where tote clubs are concerned.

During the past three months the Royal Commission on Gambling and Lotteries has been sitting several times a month and the evidence given has been far and away the most interesting news for weeks.

During the past fortnight it has concentrated on tote clubs and the witnesses have had some surprising things to say. Since then I have spoken to several of them and what they have said has been more surprising still. Nor is this to be wondered at when there are over 100 tote clubs already in existence totally without supervision of any kind whatever. Briefly, a tote club is a group of people who pay 1s. to use certain premises where they can buy tickets on horse races and greyhound races (and football matches, too, in some instances). The tickets are provided by the founder of the club. The money is provided by the members, and the founder, in return for his kindness in providing the premises, takes "10 per cent." of their bets, which is 5 per cent. more than the cagnotte in a French casino. I put quotation marks round the words 10 per cent. because, though that is all that the reputable tote club managers divert to their own pockets, there is no possible proof that the disreputable ones do not take 20 or 30 per cent.

It is an astonishing position. Here we have Great Britain, utterly opposed to anything in the way of roulette or chemin de fer, blithely allowing horse-race and dog-race casinos to be set up at every street corner and even advertised with electric lights! By the Spring it is expected that there will be at least 1,000 of them—mostly mushroom growths with no credentials of any kind.

How has this come about? The answer is quite simple. Mr. Fred Howard, the present Mayor of Holborn, started up a totalisator nine years ago at the Stadium Club in Holborn—long before totalisators were adopted on racecourses. Soon afterwards the Government, under the direction of Mr. Winston Churchill, introduced a tax on betting and claimed that the transactions on the totalisator were bets and as such were subject to the Betting Tax. Mr. Howard took the case up on appeal to the House of Lords, who decided that, under the rules of the club, transactions on the tote were not bets and therefore were exempt from the tax. Indeed, one of the Law Lords went so far as to express the opinion that he was very doubtful whether these transactions could be termed gambling at all, since it seemed to him that they were really more in the nature of a sweepstake among the club members. This meant that, as the law stands, members of any club are entitled to operate totalisators for their own benefit, which in turn means that anybody can take premises, collect thirty-five names, register a club for 5s., and start a tote.

At first only the boldest spirits decided to dig into the evident gold mine. It seemed too good to be true. Then came the Paisley case about three months ago. A man in Paisley opened a club in which he operated a tote, and was duly charged in the local police court with running a gaming house. The magistrate convicted, but on appeal to the Court of Justiciaries in Edinburgh (which is more or less analogous to our Court of Criminal Appeal) it was decided that the defendant was doing nothing illegal. No doubt the decision was based on the precedent of the House of Lords appeal. Since then, of course, dozens of people with money to invest, but who had been anxious to avoid possible conflict with the police, have been going straight ahead, and new tote clubs are springing up every day. Some of them ally themselves with existing clubs. Others are setting up on their own. At once, therefore, you are confronted with the undoubted fact that out of evil (if it *is* evil) cometh good. The tote clubs are creating employment right and left, and in addition to that are furnishing the Government with income-tax and super-tax (a lot of it). They are paying, further, rates and taxes on premises previously empty. Furthermore, they are circulating money, which is always said to be an essential ingredient of national prosperity.

THE MANAGER of the Stadium Tote Club, Mr. Frederick Howard, Mayor of Holborn

THE MODERN FRONTAGE at the Streatham Tote Club synchronizes with the novelty of the foundation

One tote club official said to me that he knew gambling was not productive or creative like sowing wheat, but what was banking except a medium of circulating money? The answer to that is too obvious to give, but let me quote his defence verbatim. "No country in the world has such a deep-seated love of racing as Great Britain, and you cannot stop an Englishman betting on a horse. Our clients would all go to the racecourses and bet on the totalisator if they could afford the time and money, but they cannot. So, instead of the street bookmaker taking their bets, they come to us. People talk of unemployed men betting their dole money away. That is nonsense, and is only uttered by people who have never been hungry in their lives. Once you have had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours you will know that, however keen you are on the horses, you will not gamble your next meal away. And remember that our minimum bet is 2s.—not a 6d. which the street bookmaker is only too willing to accept.

"Small boys have always stolen apples, but as soon as cinemas started and cowboys appeared on the screen there was a public outcry that the youthful generation were being demoralized by the pictures. When public dancing began and you did not have to dance with your cousin or your aunt, another outcry was made that it was demoralizing our young women. Everything is alleged of the present generation. Kids are said to collect halfpennies until they make a threepenny bit and hand it to a seedy individual who hands it to a less seedy individual who hands it to a bookmaker. Now, by heaven, because street bookmakers are being stamped out they accuse *us* of every infamy. All I can say is that if the Government decides to stop tote clubs, it will have to stop totes on the racecourses as well. In real life you cannot imitate the parent who says to a child, 'This cake is not good for you,' and then eats it herself. I am all in favour, personally, of the tote clubs being taken over by the Government. But we shall have to be compensated if that happens. And if it does, the logical outcome would be the purchase of Government tote club tickets in every post office."

But before we go any further let us visit the Pool Club in King Street, Baker Street. The premises have been occupied consecutively by the London Club, the Charterhouse Club, and the Sports Club. Dancing, boxing, all-in wrestling, and miniature golf have all been exploited there, but it has been left to the astute Mr. Fred Howard to make the premises really profitable. Armed with an introduction, we make our way past the commissionaire and are confronted with a scene that does the reverse of beggar description. It cries aloud for it.

There are about 2,000 people in an immense hall which is about 200 ft. long and 80 ft. wide. There are a few imitation tree trunks in the middle, and leaves and a panorama of an outdoor scene along one wall (relics of the midget golf craze). The other wall is lined down its whole length with pale-green betting books. It is just like the tote of any racecourse with a half-dozen selling bureaux and a dozen pay-out bureaux. There is a permanent clicking sound of tickets being punched and handed over to clients who queue up in long rows. There are similar queues at the pay-out windows. The atmosphere, which is heavy with smoke, is as warm as it is in the Casino at Monte Carlo, and the gamblers are of exactly the same type as those who frequent the Kitchen.

Most of the men wear bowler hats. The women are quite well dressed. Everything is entirely and absolutely orderly. Those who are not queueing up or standing in small knots waiting for the loud speaker to announce the result of the next race, are

AWAITING THE RESULTS: A scene in the Clapham Common Tote Club, the amenities of which include a licence enabling members to drink in comfort

A SUDDEN APPARITION

By CHARLES GRAVES

seated quietly at small green-baize tables. Some of the men have beards. Many of the women have white hair, and it is quite a shock to hear a pink-eyed old woman who looks like a retired governess asking an official technical questions about the Manchester November Handicap. Two negroes sit by themselves at the far end of the hall. The floor is littered with torn tickets. A middle-aged man with horn spectacles and an earphone tells someone that he has just lost £11 10s. It does not seem to worry him. There are two or three bars and buffets where jellied eels are advertised. But they are not patronized. Betting on the horses is what the members have come for.

Licensed victuallers need have no qualms. People do not go to tote clubs to drink, and there is no disorderly conduct. Since this club opened nine months ago only four people have had to be ejected.

What type of people predominates? From inquiries I gather that many of them are commercial travellers who, having offered their samples in the morning to some firm, are waiting until evening to go back and get a decision. Any number of barmen and publicans whose taverns are closed from 3 to 5.30 find a pleasant way of killing time. A number of retired civil servants and others are glad to pass the time away from their small homes in the suburbs during the afternoon. Some of the members are titled. One of them is a street musician. Yes, he is a real busker who plays a guitar in the gutter and when he has earned 4s. in pennies and sixpences from people like you and me he comes into the club, has a bet of 2s. each way on Gordon Richards, and if he wins packs up work for the day. If he loses he goes back cheerfully into the street again to earn another 2s. unit or two.

THE UNIT IS TWO SHILLINGS in the tote clubs as compared with bets—from those who cannot afford them—of even sixpence gladly accepted by the street bookies. This scene was taken at the Brixton Tote Club

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL: The purchase of tickets *en queue* at the East Ham Tote Club

As we stand there in the crowd a man in grey flannel trousers and a raspberry coloured jumper puts up the total amount of units on the race which is just about to be run. Although there are only four horses, there are more than 2,000 2s. units for a win and a good deal more on a place. That works out at £500 on a single race. If there are six horse races, this amounts to £3,000 wagered in the afternoon. Add to that six greyhound races at night (I am told that there are as many people present at night as by day) and you will find that this Marylebone Monte Carlo is taking £6,000 a day, of which £600 a day is the property of the proprietor.

MARKING UP THE WINNERS at the Clapham Common Tote Club. Many suburbs have their own organization

If you like to add to your stupefaction you can do so by learning that members can also bet on which Saturday football match in the First Division will be the occasion of the largest number of goals scored. But heavens above! I ought to make the printer alter the words "bet," "wager," and "gamble" each time I have used them. "Invest" is the word. For on a club notice which catches the eye as you leave are these words, "Extract from Rules. Betting strictly prohibited. Any member betting in the Club will be expelled and membership cancelled forthwith." Can that be a relic of the sports club which lived here, or is it another example of the curious state of the English laws? Frankly I don't know.

And now meet Mr. Fred Howard at his offices in the Stadium Club. He wears horn spectacles and has a gruff voice caused, years ago, by the shaft of a hansom cab which entered his throat when bicycling in 1898. Born in Buxton, Derbyshire, he left his native town at the age of seventeen, and was associated with the business of bookselling at Leamington, Warwickshire. He then went to Manchester, where he thought out an ingenious telegraphic code by which he supplied hotels and newsrooms with football half-time scores and results by telegram, later extending his service to cricket scores.

While still at Manchester, at the time of the Boer War, he created a new service for war bulletins and became the Central News of Manchester under agreement with the Central News of London. Then he decided to come to London, where he secured employment on the London *Evening News* as a free lance for football, cricket, racing, and stop-press news. He was the first man to give a description of the Grand National, while the race was actually in progress, over the telephone; and in 1904 he conceived the idea of using wireless for linking up isolated places with the nearest telephone service and thence to London, thus beating all competitors. Later he was outside organizer for the Press Association, and in Fleet Street he was known as the "Telephone King."

We are lucky to have an audience with him because Mayor Howard is the busiest man in London. And as we enter he is talking on the telephone to some alderman anxious to join his group of tote clubs. Mayor Howard is already in control of thirty-two, and there will surely be more to come. Quickly you find that he holds very strong views about tote clubs and psychology. He says that when he first introduced the system of telephoning results of races from the course, there was a popular outcry immediately. People said that it would keep the crowds away from the race meetings, whereas, of course, it increased them enormously.

"CAGNOTTE GAGNE TOUJOURS!" The ancient slogan is applicable to the new tote club as to the Casino, though the percentage is 10 instead of 5

"Local tote clubs in small towns will never be a success," said Major Howard, "for the average local man does not want to be seen in one by people whom he knows. At the present minute bookmakers and aliens are applying for licences right and left. In my opinion everybody applying for a tote club licence should have indisputable references. The average capital invested at a tote club is 6s. a day. Most of the members like to bet for a place because of the greater chance of winning. The great social protection afforded by tote clubs is that it is all a ready money business, so the danger of betting on credit is averted.

"In Paris, there are now 1,000 cafés where you can buy tickets on horse races, as well as 250 bureaux. The French Government realizes that the public must have betting facilities. So must the English public. I am perfectly ready, if the Government will give me the chance, of chaining up the whole of Great Britain in a series of tote clubs. All I want is 2 per cent. of the gross. I could do it by the next Lincolnshire Handicap, and within forty-eight hours of each race I would know if a single 2s. piece was missing. I do so now with my thirty-two clubs. My accounts are balanced to a farthing, and any Government accountant can examine them."

So much for Mayor Howard. Now come with me to the Mitre Club in Regent Street. This is a small smart club where "the average capital invested per day" is 35s. It is smartly furnished as a dance club into which it resolves itself at night. The average attendance is about 80 people, and the money in reserve to meet emergencies is about £100. This is quite enough, because members are advised not to put more than £2 or £3 on a favourite or half a guinea on an outsider. If they put on more, it will affect the odds immediately and would not be worth while.

"What about wives betting all their housekeeping money away?" I ventured.

"We are perfectly ready to cancel any member's membership if we receive any complaints from the head of the house," was the reply. "If a wife tells us that her husband is betting and losing too much we would do the same thing, very discreetly of course. We do not want trouble. The average attendances of a member are two a week."

"Personally," he concluded, "I would very much like to bring my club in line with the Racecourse Betting Control if they would only agree to have a central pool to which approved tote clubs could contribute. In my opinion it would be possible to have 1,000 clubs, the members of each of which would invest £1,000 a week in a central pool. That would be £52,000,000 a year. If the Racecourse Betting Control let us have 6 per cent. of the amount invested by the Mitre Club members and took 6½ per cent. of the gross total for themselves, they would have £3,000,000 or £4,000,000 to put back into racing or into the Exchequer."

How much do the tote club proprietors make? I cannot tell you. Mayor Howard says he is doing very nicely, but he is not making the enormous fortune credited to him. But this I can say. I went down to a very pleasant middle-class tote club on Clapham Common. There are 600 members who pay 2s. 6d. for their membership as opposed to the usual charge of a humble bob for a year's subscription, but the club was opened only a fortnight ago. Its premises are half the dance floor of the Clapham Palais de Danse and it has been linked up with Mayor Howard's chain of thirty-two clubs.

MOUNTAINEERIN

RIVEN IN THE ETERNAL SNOWS: A cleft in the glacier on Piz Kesch—a mountain some 11,000 ft. high. This crevasse must be crossed by those ascending to the summit. Footprints can be discerned on the right

THE MAGNIFICENCE OF DESOLATION: Members of the La-Voy-Ta[illegible] Theodore Koven and Allen Carpe, who lost their lives in a crevasse [illegible]

WIND FIELD: This unprotected plateau has been worked on by a merciless wind for a week. A most uncomfortable place to ski on—an irregular patchwork of hard and soft places frozen over on top and as brittle as glass under a weight. Wherever the snow found an unevenness in the ground drifts were formed which the wind chewed and gnawed into fantastic shapes. In front the wind has gone through the snow like a comb

On left—SEEKING A WAY UP: Climbing on the western ridge of Mount Crillon in the effort to find a feasible route to the summit, a record of the expedition to the Fairweather Range, Alaska, undertaken by an undergraduate of Harvard, Mr. H. Bradford Washburn, Jr., in co-operation with the Harvard Institute of Geographical Exploration

NG IN 1932: A PICTORIAL RECORD

y-Taylor Expedition to Alaska who set out to recover the bodies of Messrs. asse while making the difficult and treacherous ascent of Mount McKinley

Charles E. Brown

COLOSSAL ICE ARCHITECTURE: Mr. C. E. W. Mackintosh and Mr. E. W. A. Richardson climbing across the Rhone glacier whence flows the great river

DANGER SIGNAL: These traces in the snow say as clearly as a notice board: Do not traverse this slope. There will be avalanches! One or two minor ones have already come down in the extreme right; they look like heaps of frozen skulls. But the chief avalanche is "still hanging aloft," as the mountaineer says; an animal's step or the change of the wind or the sun will dislodge it

SNOW BOARDS: There have been cold clear weather and a high wind for days. Over the ridge it blew sharply enough to make the naked rock show in one place, and going down the wind side patches of snow were found changed into hard ice. Those hard drifts all along the lee side will bear only a fraction of an inch of powdery snow, and if the weather goes warm they will become dangerous "snow boards" liable to crash downhill with anyone heavy venturing on them

On right—WAECHTEN! Dangers of the summit. This well-trodden path to the top would be impassable to the two skiers if there was any sign of a thaw. For then those overhanging lumps of snow clinging to the ridge, the "Gipfelwaechten," might easily crash down on them—tons and tons of heavy snow compressed by wind and sun. But you can see that conditions are ideal at the moment—a bright sun which has made the man take off his coat, but is not strong enough to do any more but just glaze over the surface of the dry, powdery snow. Those "Waechten" will be safe until the wind changes

Paul Tanqueray

MISS JOYCE KENNEDY as the faithless wife to Mr. Leslie Banks in *Service*. This is the second consequent rôle in which this talented actress has played the errant spouse of Mr. Banks at Wyndham's

PLAYS and OPERA

Clergymen on the Stage and the Performance of the Year : Religion at the Westminster : Guitry as Ever

By PHILIP PAGE

For some inscrutable reason the stage parson is regarded either as a figure of farce or as a figure of melodrama. He must either, possibly, be funny or be impossibly heroic. I know of no middle course, except in the case of Shaw's *Candida*. We veer direct from *The Private Secretary* and W. S. Penley to the brand of Hall Caine.

Therefore do I welcome Dr. Noel Scott's new play at the Royalty, *Playground*, in spite of its defects. For it shows us, with the clever assistance of Mr. Maurice Evans and Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn, a couple of parsons who are real people and are, therefore, in the spirit of high comedy. Mr. Llewellyn plays a Bishop—such a nice Bishop, too—who is not all gas and gaiters, and who can smoke a cigarette and read a novel without too aggressive an assumption of the rôle of Charles Kingsley and water (with a deuce of a lot of water).

I note that the situation of a schoolgirl and a barmaid falling in love with a handsome young curate is put down generally as a piece of theatrical absurdity. But why? Schoolgirls *do* fall in love with curates, and a barmaid might do the same when a curate, in grey plus-fours who happens to be staying in the hotel, saves her from being slobbered over by a drunken brute.

What is less probable is that the curate should take the girl away from the saloon bar and make her his secretary, turning a blind eye to her obvious adoration.

That is getting perilously near the John Storm and *The Christian* business, which for the stage is utter fustian, but which would, I fancy, make a fortune for Hollywood with a Barrymore and a Garbo to look after it.

The girl, scorned, grew nasty, and laid an awkward trap for the curate, who was in love with a singularly dull young woman still at school.

In getting the curate out of his difficulty, with the assistance of that most lovable of Bishops, the author got himself into one. After two good acts we had to plunge into some artificially full-blooded stuff about the barmaid having been seduced by the villainous brother of the headmistress and about an unborn child. Not for a moment did this ring true.

In his search for a happy ending—happy, that is to say, for all except the barmaid—Dr. Scott upset not only all my optimistic calculations, but also the balance of his play.

I suggest that he rewrites that last act at once, makes the curate marry the barmaid after all (I can even quote a case of that having happened), and let the other girl remain for another year or two in that dormitory where photographs of Mr. Ivor Novello were kept under the pillow.

Whatever the fate or subsequent shape of *Playground*, it will remain memorable for one point of the highest importance—the acting of Miss Beatrix Thomson.

The case of Miss Thomson has baffled me for some time. Apart from an appearance in a recent Van Druten play, which had a short life, I can associate her only with special Sabbath-breaking activities and with intellectual productions at small theatres. These have, of course, their virtues.

But some rearrangement is surely needed when an actress who has good looks, youth, charm, and enormous intelligence, and can act clean off the stage almost any of the women whose names glitter expensively in the Strand and Shaftesbury Avenue, and whose services managers are alleged (I believe with truth) to compete anxiously with one another to obtain, is seen so rarely and in conditions of comparative obscurity.

Perhaps *Playground* will mean the turn of the tide for Miss Thomson. Perhaps, even, she does not wish to glitter expensively. However that may be, her performance as the barmaid is so exquisite in its perfection that I felt in watching it as I feel when a great violinist at the top of his form plays the Elgar Concerto.

I make no apology for these rhapsodies; they would be justified if only for the fact that here was an actress playing a "cockney" part without any of the adenoidal snivelling convention is supposed to

"'TIS PATIENCE—as Patience; Baxter as the

Left—"ARCHIBALD! IS IT POSSIBLE? IT IS!" Mr. Leslie Rands as Grosvenor is recognized by Miss Muriel Dickson as Patience. *Right*.—"OUR FORMER TRIUMPHS": The Duke (Mr. Charles Goulding), Colonel Calverley (Mr. Darrell Fancourt), Major Murgatroyd (Mr. Martyn Green)

PRELUDE TO PROPOSAL: Mr. Ronald Squire prepares to pop the question to his secretary, Miss Joan Barry: a scene from *Springtime for Henry*, the new sophisticated comedy at the Apollo

THE TOAST: Mr. Ronald Squire and Miss Isabel Jeans in *Springtime for Henry*, at the Apollo

"NOT ONE WORD IN THAT DECALET": Mr. Leslie Rands as Grosvenor, the pure poet, recites one of his compositions to Miss Majorie Eyre as the Lady Angela

NEW "SPHERE" STUDIES from

HAPPY GIRL—LOVED BY A POET!" Miss Muriel Dickson Miss Marjorie Eyre as the Lady Angela; Miss Maisie Lady Saphir; Miss Doreen Denny as the Lady Ella; Patience's first entrance in Act I

"BETTER SECURE ME ERE I HAVE GONE TOO FAR": Miss Dorothy Gill as the Lady Jane in Act II of the production of *Patience* in the 1932-3 Gilbert and Sullivan season at the Savoy

"PATIENCE" at the SAVOY

demand. That barmaid was common clay, but vibrant with tense humanity and essentially decent. Miss Thomson—tender, fierce, pathetic, threatening—made her an unforgettable figure. This is the performance of the year.

Another production of a somewhat religious week was Mr. Tyrone Guthrie's *Follow Me* at the Westminster Theatre.

The play was not so much parsonic as of the stuff for which parsons are supposed to exist. It belonged to the category which I may term the allegorical-hypothetical. Such plays are not infrequent, and they start with a very large IF. "If" we knew that a comet was going to bring the world to an end in twelve hours, how should we behave? "If" Christ came to earth again in 1932, how would He be received?

Mr. Guthrie, in choosing the latter hypothesis, set himself a bigger task than his equipment as a dramatist could justify. It is a legitimate basis for any play, provided blasphemy is avoided. But it is not a wise choice if one's powers as a thinker, which in Mr. Guthrie's case are considerable, are not transcended or at least equalled by one's ability to put them into effective theatrical shape.

The late Jerome K. Jerome was not regarded as a profound thinker; but he took hold of the Messianic second-coming and made a first-rate play out of it, and a large fortune for Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. That was because he did not dodge the problem or overload it with detail.

The Censor did not allow Mr. Guthrie to introduce Church in the accepted anthropomorphic form. Mr. Jerome was wise enough not to attempt to do so, and showed us—not very subtly, perhaps, but very effectively—Sir Johnston, wearing a long black cloak with ascetic dignity and reforming each member of the cast by means of a sort of personal catechism.

Follow Me was hopelessly impersonal and that was why it failed to attract. We did not see or feel the presence of the principal Figure. There was not the least illusion created that He had anything to do with the play at all. Characters had to tell us what was happening to Him, sometimes directly and sometimes by means of the telephone. What should have been dramatic moments became mere anti-climaxes.

The rift the great event caused in a middle-class Scots family was the sole evidence, and they did not prove a very interesting family. The subject, as far as it was treated at all, was treated reverently but to no real purpose.

The acting of a mainly Scots company could not have been better; both the individual performances and the easy team work of Miss Elliot Mason, Miss Frances Ross Campbell, Mr. James Woodburn, Mr. James Anderson and others proved that a team north of the Tweed can more than hold its own with the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. But nothing could redeem *Follow Me* from well-meant dullness.

M. Sacha Guitry, about whom there is nothing Scots beyond the title of his play, *La Pélérine Ecossaise*, is skipping frivolously but artistically through his season at the Cambridge Theatre.

This little comedy is even slighter than its predecessor, *La Jalousie*, yet, on the whole, a superior piece of work. A plaid shawl causes all the trouble.

ONCE A HUSBAND: Mr. Owen Nares and Miss Fay Compton in the new play at the Haymarket

This garment is so hideous, so unfashionable that a wife wears it only to annoy her husband. Quarrels, and, of course, a reconciliation, Added to the delicate mixture are a Chinaman, a dog, and a wildly amusing Don Juan in the person of M. Francœur.

Would that Mlle Yvonne Printemps, the adorable, had been added as well! But to sigh for the impossible is ungracious when there is the dexterous

Follard Crowther

MADCHEN IN UNIFORM: Miss Jessica Tandy as Manuela and Miss Joyce Bland as Fräulein von Bernburg in the poignant German drama of youth repressed that is filling the Duchess Theatre

art of M. Guitry to hold all together with a nod or a gesture. Mr. Seymour Hicks is the only other actor in the world who can do so much with so little.

Rome was not built in a day, and I gather that it took many expensive days to build the film *Rome Express*, as well as many socially-expensive people to launch it.

This film is said to "mark a new era" in film-production, and as it bears the Gaumont-British label and was made at Shepherds Bush (where the trams start) it may be regarded as a challenge to Hollywood, and a successful one too. Hollywood slickness is there in plenty, and if the story is on the thin side this is atoned for by the superb photography and by rather better acting than is seen in 90 per cent. of 100 per cent. American films.

The famous train which runs between Rome and Paris—which, for the first time in my film experience, I did not hear alluded to as "Parrus"—is made the scene of exciting adventures and episodes in the lives of its various passengers and their relations to the inevitable gang of crooks.

Romance is not to the fore in this film but there is cause for thankfulness for the presence in the cast of Miss Joan Barry, who has the really preposterous prettiness of the ideal film-face—a veritable Joan of arc-lamps. Mr. Gordon Harker is immensely funny as a boring golfer, and Mr. Cedric Hardwicke, that artist in all he undertakes, is at his best.

MR. ARTHUR WONTNER as Roger Harkness, the musician in *Philomel*, the early nineteenth century musical play featuring the nightingale notes of Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry at the Ambassadors

BOOKS:

The Posthumous Arnold Bennett : Winston Churchill, Writer : Orpeniana : Cross-section of a Country Town : The Sage of Auchinleck : Vitriol in Verse

By CECIL ROBERTS

The second volume of *The Journals of Arnold Bennett* (Cassell. 10s. 6d.) covers the years 1911–1921. It contains, therefore, the War years, and the frankness of the author enables one to judge the fallibility of human prophecy. How often the War was going to end in three months, how well authenticated were those thousands of Russians who passed down from the North of Scotland on their way to the Western Front! Scotsmen coming from Ross-shire, and making it sound like Russia, may or may not have been the cause. The explanations have been as many as they are ludicrous. The one I am most inclined to accept, because it adds comedy to a dark episode, is that an enterprising agent of an English dairy firm in Russia had cabled to his London agent, "One hundred thousand Russians arriving next week." They were bad eggs in any case. Arnold Bennett was not caught by the rumour, but even in his case the wish almost made him father the thought. "The statement was so positive that at first I almost believed it. But after about an hour I grew sceptical. Only the Archangel route could have been used. Think of the number of ships and amount of convoying necessary. In the end I dismissed it and yet could not help hoping. . . ."

This diary confirms the impression I received from the first volume. Arnold Bennett was a lad from the Potteries who could never quite recover from the fact that, with money, he could walk on pile carpets and ring bells at the Ritz. He was obsessed all his life with hotels. They represented prosperity in its most accessible form, and at least two of his novels were devoted to a study of this life. This delight in a sense of wealth comes out in many ways. There was an evening, in January 1912, when he went back with some friends to a Cannes hotel.

The lady of the party had ordered some gowns. "The general tableau—the two employees young and agreeable, but certainly not *vierges*, with soft, liquid, persuasive voices, speaking chiefly English; the frothy garments lying all about on chairs and in the box, Selwyn, Alcock, and me lounging on chairs, and M. and Mrs. S. playing the mannequin, and the porter waiting outside in the dark corridor—this tableau produced a great effect on me. Expensive garments rather, and I felt that for my own personal tastes I would as soon earn money in order to have a tableau at my disposition as for a lot of other seemingly important and amusing purposes. A fine sensuality about it."

The year 1912 saw Bennett at the top of the wave. He earned larger sums later, but from this time on he tasted the fruits of easy success. He had all his five plays being performed, he had collected valuable commissions from his American tour. "I received about £16,000 during the year, which may be called success by any worldly-minded author. It is apparently about as much as I had earned during all the previous parts of my life. And I bought a car and a yacht, and arranged to buy a house." The next year his earnings were £7,000 from books and £8,000 from plays. He walked the streets of London as one of the most successful authors of the day. Life seemed to have given him everything but a good digestion.

Bennett had the eye of a first-class reporter as well as the analytical mind of the artist. He was always looking at things, and never allowed emotion to interfere with his inquisitiveness. When his mother lay dying and he visited her, the personal tragedy did not obscure the details of its setting. "Amid tossed bedclothes you could see numbers on corners of blankets. On medicine-table, siphon, saucer, spoon, large soap-dish, brass flower bowl (empty). The gas (very bad burner) screened by a contraption of Family Bible, some wooden thing, and a newspaper. It wasn't level. She had it altered. She said it annoyed her terribly. Gas stove burning (temperature barely 60). Damp chill, penetrating my legs. The clock had a very light, delicate sound. Trams and buses did not disturb her, though sometimes they made talking difficult." How many sons in a mother's death chamber could keep a mind so detached?

His life was dedicated to his work. When he meets Silas K. Hocking he observes "he evidently has the right trade attitude towards his work." The word "trade" will come as a shock to those who like to think of the artist "in a fine frenzy rolling." There are fascinating glimpses of literary London. He enjoyed the company of his peers, and they enjoyed him. There was a magic evening in Barrie's flat, with its wonderful view down the river. Hardy and his wife were there. Shaw and Wells came in, and began talking fiercely, and the spectacle of these two, "in their comparative youth, in front of this aged, fatigued, and silent man, incomparably their superior as a creative artist, was very striking." In some aspects this is a disillusioning book, but one is compelled to admire Bennett's downright honesty with himself. The journal is unique, for seldom has a creative artist examined himself so mercilessly and surveyed the mechanism of life with so detached an air.

Mr. Winston Churchill's new book, *Thoughts and Adventures* (Butterworth. 18s.), reads like a collection of newspaper articles and the price seems somewhat exorbitant. It has not the quality of *My Early Life*, but there are moments of good writing in this continuation of the history of an audacious life. He puts a good face on the pantomime of Sidney Street and tells an excellent spy story, and he informs us how it feels like to be cartooned, maliciously and otherwise. *Il me faut amuser encore comme un enfant*, says Mr. Churchill in his preface. Some of us would be inclined to add the adjective *terrible*. I closed this book pleased by a rumour that there is something much better coming to us from this able pen.

THE GREATEST OF BIOGRAPHERS: James Boswell of Auchinleck—the frontispiece to the biographer's biography, by C. E. Vulliamy, reviewed by Mr. Roberts on this page

When, recently, Mr. Michael Joseph visited my country retreat I excited him by the story of an enormous cat. I saw that he did not believe me when I described its dimensions. I had often seen its immense leopard-like limbs drooping over the knees of the retired blacksmith at Fawley. Greatly doubting, Mr. Joseph made a pilgrimage with me to see the fabulous cat. He sat in a stunned silence when the animal was produced. I am reminded of this by *Puss in Books*, by Michael Joseph and Elizabeth Drew (Bles. 8s. 6d.). It is, in the right sense of the word, a "catalogue." It consists of contributions by some twenty distinguished authors all singing the praises of the cat. It will make a cat-lover purr with delight. Even I, who dislike cats and regard them as a creeping lust for milk, was held to the last page of this pæan to the unknowable animal.

If you have 41s. to spare and want to invest it in perpetual delight, I can make a recommendation. Buy *Sir William Orpen*, by Sidney Dark and P. G. Konody (Seeley Service. 25s.), and *Hitchin Worthies*, by Reginald L. Hine (George Allen and Unwin. 16s.). Both books do the greatest credit to the art of publishing. They are magnificently produced and illustrated.

For some two years every morning on taking my walk I passed an extraordinary house in Bolton Gardens. It was like a Provençal villa set down in the grimness of South Kensington. It had a vast white façade with two enormous windows. Between the windows there was a Madonna inset in the wall perpetually lit. A square cortile had a loggia on one side running from the street to the house, with vivid Dutch tiles and the effigy of St. George and the Dragon on the wall. In the middle of the cortile there was the white statue of the Venus di Milo, before whom there played the jet of a fountain. I often wondered who lived in this extraordinary house. Obviously the owner was an artist. Very frequently, in a chair by the window, sat a man undergoing an ordeal. He was there when I went out; he was there when I came back. I have likewise suffered. He was a sitter. Then, one day I learned that my neighbour was Sir William Orpen. I looked with reverence on that house; it seemed to me to contain the spirit of genius. But one day the chair was empty; it remained empty for many weeks. I wondered why. Then came the news of Orpen's death. He had built himself a beautiful cage and had fled from it.

Two of his friends, Mr. Sidney Dark and Mr. Konody, have combined to write this excellent memoir. One deals with the man, the other with the artist. The book is copiously and excellently illustrated. It is all that the Orpen lover could ask for. I have only one little complaint to make about Mr. Dark's excellent memoir. He follows that foolish convention among biographers of remaining annoyingly silent upon the cause of his subject's death. It seems to me quite as important to know what a man died of as to know some of the minor details of his life. I do not agree that good taste demands this reticence, and it is aggravating to have the curtain abruptly drawn over the drama of life without any apparent reason.

As for *Hitchin Worthies*, I never look upon a row of houses in a country town without wishing that the history of their inhabitants for 200 years could stand revealed. Here it is. Mr. Hine, with consummate artistry and infinite patience, probes into the history of his Hitchin worthies. What a fascinating gallery he takes us through. The wise man, the eccentric, the great sportsman, the shrew, the drunkard, the poacher, the artist, the gambler—they are all here, mostly lovingly presented. Four centuries of English life, as rich as the brickwork that enshrined them, stand open to our inspection. What a mine for the novelist Mr. Hine has uncovered! The book is most beautifully illustrated. The mute Miltons are given speech, and a whole dead town comes to vivid life at Mr. Hine's magic touch.

To his excellent studies of Rousseau, Wesley, and Voltaire, Mr. C. E. Vulliamy now adds *James Boswell* (Bles. 10s. 6d.). It may be argued that nothing more can possibly be said of Boswell; that he remains damned and interred by Macaulay. But there will ever be witnesses for the defence, and Macaulay's verdict cannot go unchallenged. Mr. Vulliamy is too sincere a biographer to attempt whitewashing. This is not a defence of Boswell; it is a cautious and intelligent examination of his character. On the whole Boswell emerges a little contemptible, but much to be pitied and somewhat to be admired. "It may be said that his failings outweigh his limited stock of minor virtues; that his treatment of his wife can only be termed execrable; that his treacheries were not lessened, but rather aggravated, by the flashy appearance of good nature." The final verdict is that he was not morally responsible. Mr. Vulliamy is once more judicious, enlightening, and engrossing in this study.

Mr. Humbert Wolfe has given us an *A.B.C. of the Theatre* (Cresset Press. 5s.). His book is a collection of lampoons which he says may be divided into two classes, the malicious and the more malicious. These lampoons seem to be more judicious than malicious. They contain in the very brief space of a rhyme of two verses penetrating criticism of their subjects. Thus—

G is for Galsworthy. We could do after all
With a little less worth and rather more gall.

It is no business of the lampoonist to be amiable. He must frown even at the highbrows—

I is the Ighbrows. The pain in their necks
Was caused by the keyhole when studying sex.

A whole revue, set to words and music, could not surpass the bittersweet of—

N is for Noel. His genius is not
Deep thinking, but thinking a little a lot.

The book is excellent fun for 5s., but I feel Mr. Wolfe has been let down by his illustrator, or should I say, rather, that the illustrator cannot stand up to Mr. Wolfe?

I did not think there was a quarter of London remaining in which Mr. Beresford Chancellor had not made his investigations. But here he comes again with *The Romance of Lincoln's Inn Fields* (Richards. 12s. 6d.). As usual every brick speaks, a little legally naturally, but with all the rich fascination with which Mr. Chancellor invests his brickwork. His area is the London between Holborn and the Strand, Drury Lane, and Chancery Lane. Much of the London of which he writes has been swept away with the destruction of Clare Market and the building of Kingsway. Mr. Chancellor makes one sad at the thought of what we have lost. Three old inns of Chancery Lane have gone and Webb's houses in Great Queen Street. There were great houses in that area. The Northumberlands, the Newcastles, the Baths all brought distinction to the district. They have all departed and little remains of their sojourn. Mr. Chancellor misses no story or legend in his peregrination of the courts, the lanes, and the inns, and this most readable book must now be added to a long line of works in which the historian, the antiquarian, and the topographer are most happily met.

BOOKS TO READ

THE ART OF BEING A WOMAN, by Dr. Olga Knop (Rider. 12s. 6d.).

BOW STREET RUNNERS, by Gilbert Armitage (Wishart. 12s. 6d.).

MAGNIFICENT MONEY-MAKERS, by Hans Wantoch (Harmsworth. 21s.).

WYNDHAM LEWIS, by H. G. Porteus (Harmsworth. 8s. 6d.).

RUGGER STORIES, Collected by Howard Marshall (Putnam. 5s.).

THE BROKEN MEN, by Val Gielgud (Constable. 7s. 6d.).

JUSTICE IN THE JUNGLE, by Frank Hives (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.).

TANTIVY TOWERS DERBY DAY, by A. P. Herbert (Methuen. 5s.).

THE APPRECIATION OF ARCHITECTURE, by Robert Bron (Wishart. 5s.)

ART of the WEEK

"MISS BARBARA HIBBURD," by Robert J. Swan, hung in the Royal Society of Portrait Painters Exhibition, R. I. Galleries, Piccadilly

AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR JOHN SALMOND, G.C.B., by Cuthbert Orde, in the Royal Society of Portrait Painters Exhibition. The satin bows on the shoulders hold the collar of the Order of the Bath

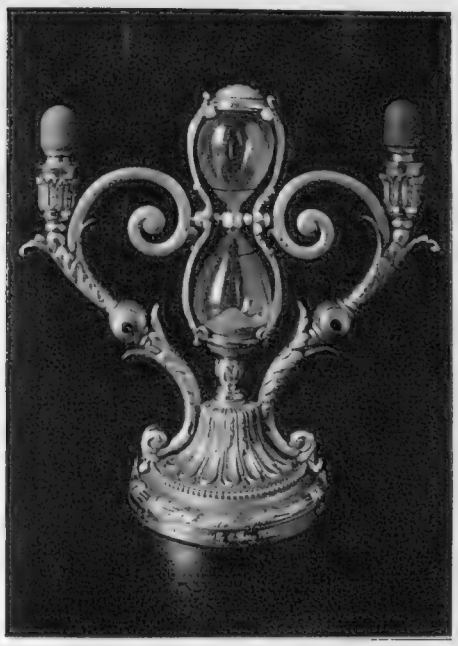
"THE HOUSE-KEEPER," by Edward Wolfe, who is specializing in North African scenes. It is on view at the Cooling Galleries

"FREDERICK THE GREAT AS A CHILD," by Christian Seibold, disposed of in the Giulia P. Morosini collection, sold at the American Anderson Art Galleries, New York

"JOHN KEATS," by Sidney Biehler Waugh, a Prix de Rome man of New York, who studied in Paris with Bourdelle and Bouchard. The bust has been acquired by an English collector

"SIR THOMAS MASTERMAN HARDY, G.C.B.," one of Nelson's captains, by Sir William Beechy, a canvas from the Sturgis collection recently sold in America

IN PAINT, CLAY, and METAL



THE SPEECH MINUTE-GLASS designed by Mr. Berry Webber, A.R.I.B.A. When the sand runs through, the glass inverts and the bulbs change colour

AN EMPANNELLED SHOW: The room at the Fine Art Society, New Bond Street, in which Gluck, the talented artist, is holding her one-man show. Each picture is built into the special walling which surrounds the room.

ONE OF A PAIR of swans mounted in ormolu from the collection of the late Princess Royal. Exhibited by J. R. Thomas at the recent antique show at Christie's

THE TABERNACLE OF MOSES

Had it a MALTESE PROTOTYPE?

A Close-knit Argument which Seems to Answer Yes

By E. B. VELLA

The importance of Malta as a primitive religious centre can well be estimated from the fact that — to include Gozo — within the total area of about 120 square miles there are to be found no fewer than five groups of neolithic temples.

We are all aware how old customs have, within the relatively short span of history, survived diversities of race, language, and climate. Man is a conservative entity and with him old traditions die hard. What is true of the historic era must, in many respects, have been so in prehistoric ages. Since, then, the evolution of man's progress bears marks of anterior existence, it is by no means improbable that certain monuments of the dawn of history should have some affinity to those of earlier prehistoric times. This brings us immediately to our subject matter, viz.: the relationship of the neolithic temples at Malta with the Tabernacle of Moses.

For the purpose of illustrating our subject with greater accuracy, we choose only one of the Maltese prehistoric temples; and the one which best suits our purpose is the Second, or better, Middle Temple at Tarxien.

The Tabernacle was a movable structure standing within a rectangular court which measured approximately 150 ft. by 75 ft.—if we take the biblical cubit as the equivalent of 18 in.—an area which corresponds to two adjoining squares. In the western square of the court was erected the Tabernacle proper, while the eastern one, which contained the doorway, served as a forecourt where the worshippers assembled. Here in the centre stood the altar of burnt offerings, on which victims were offered as sacrifices. This altar was made of wood overlaid with bronze, and measured 7½ ft. square and 4½ ft. high.

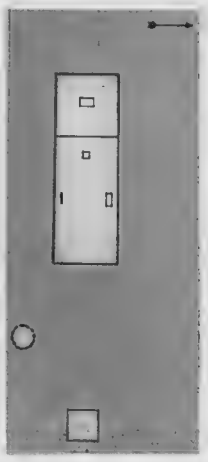
Between the altar of burnt offerings and the Tabernacle, but slightly to the left, was laid the brazen laver in whose water Moses, Aaron, and his son washed their hands and feet before they entered into the Tabernacle or went to the altar of holocaust.

The Tabernacle proper, a rectangular structure 45 ft. long, 15 ft. wide, and 15 ft. high, was formed of hangings of drapery and animal skins suspended on a wooden frame mainly overlaid with gold. A partition veil divided the interior of this tent-like fixture into two compartments, making the outer twice the area of the inner, these being the Sanctuary or Holy Place and the Holy of Holies respectively.

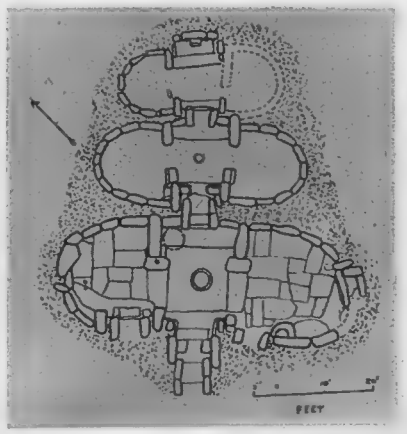
Within the Sanctuary, on the right-hand side, stood the table made of wood and overlaid with gold, on which were placed the loaves of proposition. On the opposite side stood the seven-branched candlestick of beaten gold, and in the middle but nearer the veil was raised the small altar of incense. Only the priests were allowed to enter into the Sanctuary.

The Holy of Holies contained the Ark of Testimony, Testament, or Covenant, which was like a wooden trunk 3 ft. 9 in. long, 2 ft. 3 in. wide, and 2 ft. 3 in. high, all overlaid with gold; and in it were kept the Tables of the Law. The golden propitiatory that covered the Ark was adorned with two cherubim made of beaten gold, from the midst of which Jehovah spoke and gave his orders to Moses. This chamber was considered so holy that not only did the veil cover its view from the outer Sanctuary, but in it only the high priest entered and he but once a year.

The above features correspond with the Middle Temple at Tarxien as can be seen from the accompanying plan. Thus, the court in front of the Tabernacle is represented by the outermost elliptical enclosure, while the inner and smaller



THE TABERNACLE in plan with the cubit taken as 18 in.



THE NEOLITHIC MALTESE TEMPLE AT TARXIEN which the author declares resembles the first Jehovan Sanctuary

bits of charcoal, and fragments of animal bones that fill this fireplace leave no doubt that we are standing in front of an altar which, like its counterpart in the Tabernacle, served for sacrificial burnt offerings.

Between this fireplace and what corresponds to the Sanctuary, exactly on the site of the dotted circle in the plan, was found a huge stone basin, 3 ft. high and 3 ft. 10 in. in diameter. This must have been the "laver" of this neolithic temple, and, like the ablution vessel of the Tabernacle, stood between the altar of burnt offerings and the Sanctuary, and—which is a marvellous coincidence—slightly to the left.

Adjoining the vertical stones of the façade lie two huge rectangular stones with table-like surfaces. The one on the left contains a cavity, shaped like the inverted frustum of a cone, which can hold exactly six pints of liquid. Very probably this served to collect the blood of the victim.

The passage to the inner enclosures in the neolithic temple is blocked with a decorated stone slab which rises 2 ft. from the enormous monolithic threshold. Higher up and further inwards in the jambs are seen rope holes which served as hinges for a shutter that completely covered this doorway. This indubitable demarcation is consonant with the distinction in the Tabernacle of the forecourt where, as it has been said, the worshippers assembled and the Sanctuary or Holy Place where only the priests entered. It is surmised that the flight of steps behind the east apse of the Maltese Temple served as the private entrance to the Sanctuary.

Very significant is the discovery in the west apse of this Sanctuary of fragmentary clay statuettes, representing standing figures with curly wig-like hair, intelligent looking faces which, from the waist downwards, are draped in a pleated skirt. These figures are different from the usual conventionalized type of adipose divinities, and probably represented the neolithic priests.

In the centre of the Stone Age Sanctuary is seen another circular fireplace, 9 in. high and 2 ft. in diameter, whose rim is also discoloured by the action of the fire. It contains burnt lime and ashes, but no traces of animal bones were found in it during the excavation. This second fireplace shows a pronounced resemblance to the altar of incense in the Jewish Temple. Besides the clay statuettes, in the adjoining apse on the west were also found shards of elaborate pottery, a small stone basin, and a superb earthenware vessel about 3 ft. in diameter. This makes it quite obvious that in this Sanctuary took place a highly important part of the neolithic ritual.

One crosses another huge threshold, and a trilithon-shaped doorway less than the average height of a man —to be exact 4 ft. 11 in.—leads to the innermost compartment. Although the finds in this part of the temple were extremely scanty, yet the standing stones which suggest the supports of a stone table, a finely worked niche in the left apse and other structural details all seem to indicate that this place was the *Sancta Sanctorum* and perhaps the abode of the neolithic deity. Moreover, two small rope holes in the flanking slabs in front of the doorway give evidence that a curtain, like to the veil in the Tabernacle, once covered from view this most sacred part of the temple.

There is hardly any necessity to emphasize that, notwithstanding the affinity of all this ritual, the spiritual characters of the neolithic cult and the Jewish faith might have been at the antipodes.

The Neolithic Period at Tarxien is set at approximately 3,000 B.C.

A DEITY OF MALTA dating from the Neolithic Age—assessed in Malta as 3,000 B.C. The grotesque obesity is characteristic both of the district and the period

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SEEN FROM THE AIR: The Neolithic Maltese Temple at Tarxien shown in all its ramifications

A NEOLITHIC PRIEST — a statuette in broken clay showing the pleated skirt, the face informed with intelligence crowned by conventionalized, wig-like hair

enclosures stand for the Tabernacle proper.

After crossing a threshold, a passage leads to an elliptical court enclosed by huge blocks of stone standing over 6 ft. in height. In the centre stands a circular fireplace, a little over 1 ft. in height and 3 ft. 9 in. in diameter, whose rim as well as a part of the adjoining floor is discoloured and badly cracked by the action of great heat. The presence of ashes,

FILMS of TO-DAY

MISS LILIAN HARVEY

The popular star who achieved her greatest success in *Congress Dances* in *Happy Ever After* at the Capitol

C. AUBREY SMITH and MISS MYRNA LOY

One of the doyens of British actors on the screen and one of the most attractive "vamps" in *Love Me To-night* at the Carlton

STEWART ROME and JAMES PRIOR

One of the few English films to have a really English setting is *Reunion*, a new production at Sound City

FREDRIC MARCH

A scene from *The Sign of the Cross* for which the Circus Vaticanus was duplicated in the Paramount Studios

MISS SARI MARITZA

The Anglo-Viennese star born in China, who is quadrilingual (English, French, German, and Chinese), in *The Forgotten Commandments*

o o o

HAROLD HUTH, GORDON HARKER, and DONALD CALTHROP

A scene from *Rome Express*, the new Gaumont British success now being shown at the Tivoli

JACK HULBERT

This popular comedian has adopted a moustache for the Erich Pommer production (at the Capitol), *Happy Ever After*

THE LANGUAGE OF CONTROL: Women police recruits in Japan being instructed in point duty work. The use of English on the traffic signals shows the ubiquity of our national tongue

A SMOKING CARRIAGE! An ingenious device to foil the motor-car thief consisting of a smoke cartridge which is released when an attempt is made to start the car

A CAUSE FOR REFLECTION: Mirrors attached to a lamp standard near a busy fork road at Ashford Kent, which enable the motorist to see what is happening "round the corner." Many accidents have been averted by this novel traffic aid

NEWS from the PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

I would not pretend that the motor trade is composed of millionaires or that everyone engaged in it is prosperous, but in these hard times it is a comfort to know that most of the well-known manufacturers are working at full pressure. Amongst the successful ones I must mention the Standard Motor Company. Recently, at their annual general meeting, the chairman disclosed that during the year just ended the net profit of the company was over £200,000. This is a rise of 500 per cent. in two years, and when it is remembered that three years ago the fortunes of this firm were very dismal the present result is indeed comforting. To increase one's profits in this manner even in ordinary times would be an achievement that could not be passed by without notice, but in a year of deep depressions centred over the British Isles as well as over other parts of the world, the results just disclosed are little short of marvellous.

Motorists and the public, however, must not get it into their heads that this well-known firm has been blessed with good luck and that chance has played an important part in reversing its fortunes. As a matter of fact the present happy position is due almost entirely to the policy of Captain John P. Black, director and general manager of the Standard Motor Company.

Captain Black is not fettered with the cobwebbed customs of the past. When he took up his new office he entirely reorganized the whole of the Standard factory in such a manner that every employee, from the sweepers upwards, was involved. The plan instituted was roughly that of making every one of the factory employees a profit sharer. Instead of individual workmen being paid for piecework, groups were organized and these groups paid according to their output. In a similar manner clerks and other office officials were placed, so far as pay was concerned, on a commission basis fixed on sales. The effect of this plan is that everyone behaves and works like the members of one big family whose one object is to produce as much as possible in a given time, and this they do well, knowing that the more that comes out from the factory the more cash goes into their pockets.

As an illustration I can state that it is nothing unusual for the men to earn considerably more than their normal union wages.

It is a great pity that this policy is not followed in more instances, as I am sure that there are many trades in this country and professions, to say nothing of politicians, that would produce far more efficiently if this policy were well adhered to.

Another cheering item which has recently come to my knowledge is that the old-established concern of Vauxhall Motors Limited, being so confident that there are good times ahead for them, are embarking on a colossal building programme at their works at Luton. This company has recently placed an order for new buildings and new plant which will cost £500,000. Obviously, no concern would think of sinking such a large sum of money on expanding their already large factory unless they were fairly certain of their future. The new work has already commenced, and when it is completed there will be employment created for some hundreds of additional employees. Vauxhall's find that their trade in the home market is expanding, but what is, perhaps, more satisfactory is that they are sending an increasing number of their cars and lorries overseas. I am told that approximately 1,000 vehicles per month are sent abroad from the factory at Luton.

Carrying on in this comforting strain, I hear that the Austin factory at Longbridge, near Birmingham, is working at full pressure. The number of employees has rapidly increased, and the pay-roll now includes 13,000 workers.

I cannot believe that there is another trade in the country that possesses so many bright spots, and yet our politicians appear to go out of their way to harass and impede the motor manufacturer and the motor owner. Surely the motor trade deserves every encouragement from our law makers; in fact, if they acted wisely they would direct the heads of every other trade to study the motor industry and endeavour to remodel their own so as to attain the same happy results.

A BACKGROUND WORTHY OF THE CAR: A Vauxhall Cadet standing in the beautiful gardens of the Palace Hotel, Bussaco

MRS. EDWYN RANKIN, the well-known huntswoman, with her new Lanchester "10" recently delivered to her by Messrs. Reed and Patterson, Ltd., of Cheltenham

The safety of our roads appears to be a topic which is just now concerning the Ministry of Transport. Although there has been a decline in the total number of fatal accidents, the Minister of Transport recently stated that this was only to be expected, as the number of vehicles using the roads had decreased over the previous year. Personally, I think that is an excellent reason to give for the decline in accidents, but I do not remember any previous Minister of Transport, when referring to what were most regrettable increases of past years, pointing a finger to the larger number of motor vehicles that had been licensed. In previous years motor drivers have had the finger of shame pointed at them as if they alone had been responsible for the unfortunate and, at that time, ever-growing number of road fatalities. It should certainly have been pointed out that this increase was only to be expected, as there were far more vehicles on the roads as each twelve months passed by. The motoring community does not view with any contentment the alarmist tone of Mr. Pybus' recent references to these accident statistics. If his department and all those over whom he has authority would only act on their own experiences as motorists, they would do more in five minutes by action to reduce the sad figures than by talking three hours a day.

Not long ago I remember the Minister in some speech or other referring to the lack of signals which he himself noticed when motoring. From his remarks he appeared to look upon the omission as a crime and likely to cause mishaps. I am afraid I cannot agree with him, because in my opinion far more accidents occur through inexperienced motorists giving wrong signals, or giving the right signals at the wrong time, than were ever caused by drivers omitting to give notice of their intentions. The novice driver is very apt to think that when he or she desires to branch off to the right all that has to be done is to stretch an arm through the window or wave a mechanical signal and everything in the garden will be lovely. If everyone were to drive their cars in such a way that they were thoroughly prepared for anything the driver in front might do without knowing what manœuvre was coming next, we should have safer roads. Still, signals are the law of the land at the moment, and I, therefore, advise everyone to act accordingly.

Santa Claus' Section

A unique present for the traveller: the "Vedet" pocket telescope and case from W. Watson and Sons: a Swan pen and pencil set from Mabie, Todd and Co., Ltd. The cigarette box and lighter combination, the electric cigarette lighter, and the Doulton figure clock are from J. C. Vickery, and the "Britannic" expanding wrist-watch is made by Edwin Harrop

Non-stop Variety

From Jaeger's a copy of a Schiaparelli cardigan and cap; "cockscomb" hat, woollen ruffle, and hand-crocheted gloves in colours to match one's suit. Liberty gifts include a waste-paper basket, silken sachets and bag, and a bridge set. Gorringes show a foot muff, feathered bedroom slippers, pyjamas, and other charming gifts.

Postscript: Cointreau, the liqueur for the fastidious, is imported by Messrs. Glendinning and Sons, Ltd. From Henry Heath, three new hats, a "Tricorne" in black satin velours, a "pill box," and a black flat "cloche"

Special Christmas packing enhances the welcome gift of Sanderson's mellow "Vat 69" whisky. The famous name of Haig is guarantee of the quality of the contents of a bottle and companion flask of whisky. My Lady Nicotine is represented by an admirable selection of gift tins of cigarettes, "Capstan," Gold Flake, Player's "Medium" Navy Cut, "Bachelor." John Robertson and Co. celebrate Christmas by putting their "Yellow Label" whisky in a handsome flask; their "B.E.B." is Scotch liqueur whisky, pre-war strength. Suggestions from Swan and Edgar to adorn the private bar include a pottery monk liqueur bottle, a cigarette box with an automatic lighter in the lid, nut-crackers in jade and black, and a jade and green enamel case for cherry sticks

original gifts

. . . a delicious little lamp from Debenham's

put on your Christmas shopping list Black and White whisky, and a lamp with a date from Debenham's

a joy to receive: Platignum pen and pencil in a case or a note book fitted with pen and pencil

an attractive canister of Silverdale tea

whisky to make good wishes come true

Guinness's Hood for You

WITH APOLOGIES TO

Thomas Hood

Tim Tonks was such a puny lad,
It really was a shame;
Though day by day his sighs increased
His size remained the same.

Tim fell in love with Betsy Brown,
A buxom lass, and tall;
But though he thought her simply great,
She made him feel quite small.

Said she: "Although you long to wed
You are too short to woo;
Till you are taller by a head
I shall look down on you."

He left depressed, because she said
"No, thank you" to his pleas;
When something his attention caught
That put him quite at ease.

"Guinness for Strength" the poster urged;
"If this will strength impart"
He thought "with muscles made of steel
I'll steal my maiden's heart!"

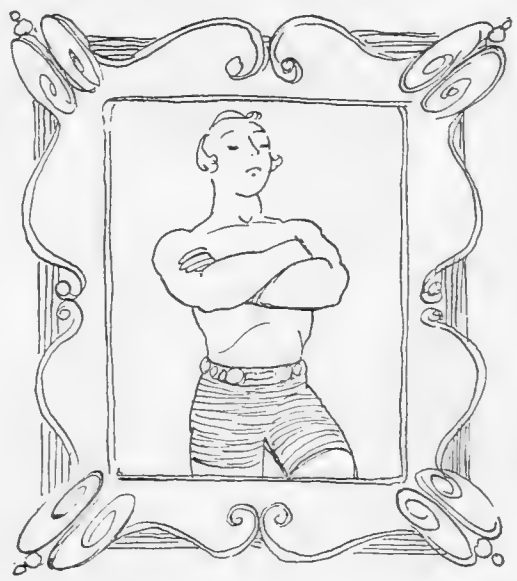
A daily Guinness swelled his chest,
A tall-boy he became,
A picture of athletic health
With quite a splendid frame.

At last when he was twice the man
That he had been before,
He washed his face and brushed his hat—
And pressed his suit once more.

"O Betsy Brown, O Betsy Brown!
Just see how I've grown stronger!
You once were rather short with me—
Pray don't be any longer!"

Then Betsy looked him up and down
As if to take his measure,
And said "You've grown in my esteem,
So I accept with pleasure!"

Thus happy Tim gained Betsy's hand
And two feet in addition;
By drinking Guinness he attained
The height of his ambition.



GUINNESS

IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E 258.A.

Sunshine Land

The need of change, both mental and physical, becomes apparent in children at a very early age.

We can all recall the joy of being transported to some wonderful land of Make-believe—such as Wynken, Blynken and Nod, setting out on that star-fishing voyage to the misty blue realms of the moon. Tucked up for the night, how we clamoured for the recital to begin, eager to be away on that starry sea of light, and how we thrilled to the narrative of getting there and, having got there, grew drowsy from sheer excitement and then fell asleep, content. The mental flight from the nursery brought that benison.

The healthy craving for change and diversion is equally strong in the adult, but while the instinct remains, our fixed habits of work and life inhibit it. The prime difficulty, always, is getting away. And that is where we can help you.

A "Sun Health Tour" to South Africa means travel made easy. Send for our special programme "Sun Health Tours—Series X" and we will do the rest. Apply to South African Government Travel Bureau, 73, Strand, London, W.C. 2 ('Phone: Temple Bar 4488), or the leading Travel Agencies.

SKI-ING IN ONTARIO: A scene at Eagle Rock, Clear Lake

Canada during the winter months offers many attractions to those who like the outdoors for healthy recreation. In such parts of the Dominion where the snowfall is heavy ample opportunity is afforded for the pleasure of ski and skate, while travellers from Scotland will find that curling is carried on extensively wherever the temperature falls sufficiently to cause the formation of ice, and indeed in many places curlers have made provision for ice surfaces by artificial means.

It may surprise some readers to learn that there are parts of Canada where the winter temperature rarely drops to freezing point. The coast-line of British Columbia possesses a climate of the maritime type such as that of North-western Europe. This type of climate is modified in the Atlantic provinces owing to the cold Labrador current. Between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts there is diversity of climate even in winter, but throughout New Brunswick, Quebec, and all except the extreme south of Ontario the snowfall is generous, and crisp, clear, invigorating atmosphere prevails from the end of November to the beginning of April. Within these limits, which shelter the density of Canada's population and the Rocky Mountain area, there are vast open spaces offering every conceivable variety of ground suitable for ski-ing.

From the viewpoint of convenience of travel and the presence of suitable accommodation, the principal centres for winter sports are the cities of Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, and Toronto. In the first three ski-ing and other forms of winter recreation may be enjoyed within the city limits, while Toronto makes a capital jumping-off place from which to reach the most delightful territory.

Different parts of Canada pursue winter sports and events peculiar to their area. The Maritime Provinces and Ontario and Quebec have their snow-shoeing carnivals. Quebec also has its famous winter carnival with tobogganing on its well-known terrace. Montreal and Toronto attract visitors from all parts to their ski-ing and ski-jumping competitions. Toronto offers ice-boating on the lake and the prairies their "dog derbys." British Columbia holds at Revelstoke a ski meet which is world renowned.

It is, perhaps, in Montreal that for the visitor, and especially for the British visitor, the Canadian winter season reaches its height. Mount Royal, which dominates and gave the city its name, constitutes a natural winter playground within easy reach of all. Left virtually as it stood in the time of Jacques Cartier when it towered over the Indian village of Hochelaga, Mount Royal attracts thousands of pleasure-seekers. No motor cars are allowed and the only vehicles which the winter visitor sees on its eminence are horse-drawn sleighs.

On any winter evening one sees the tramcars filled with gaily-garbed girls and boys carrying skis. These they don on reaching the mountain top and spend the evening gliding over the surface of the snow under the light of a silver moon. Others make for the great toboggan slide which runs from the top of Mount Royal and continues for half a mile when it reaches level ground. Terrific speeds are reached on the rushing journey. On less precipitous slopes the smaller boys and girls have their private slides, while other spots offer splendid practice grounds.

Ski-ing may also be enjoyed within easy reach of Montreal, on the slopes of the Laurentian Mountains. To this winter paradise the Canadian National Railways run "Skiers' Specials" which leave the city on Saturday evening and Sunday morning, and return on Sunday night after dark. These trains are filled with skiers of both sexes and all ages.

Eastern Canada has, of course, other winter sports. Ice-skating is popular with all, while in ice-hockey Canadians excel. The old custom of sleigh rides in the country is well maintained in spite of the general replacement of the horse by the motor car.

Characteristically Canadian are the annual "dog derbys" at The Pas in Manitoba and at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, more distant places, but again easily reached by the Canadian National Railway's continental main line. The contestants are men and dogs who have spent their lives in the northland.

Ice-boating finds its greatest vogue on Lake Ontario. With a stiff breeze the ice yacht reaches a speed of a mile a minute, and turns are hair raising.

WINTER LANDSCAPE: An exquisite snow-and-tree-scape at Limberlost Ledge, Ontario

A BEAUTY SPOT OF QUEBEC: The vale at Shawbridge, where the ski-ing is unrivalled

Evening Wear

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SUN AND SNOW AT AROSA, the famous winter sports centre in the Grisons

Every journey—unless one regards travel merely as a prosaic means of reaching a given destination—has its own high moment, that instant when a sudden overwhelming impression comes to blot out all lesser ones, stamping the trip with individuality, infusing it with drama, and fixing it indelibly in the traveller's mind.

On the winter journey to Switzerland the moment comes about forty minutes after Basle is passed. The train is speeding through the plains of Solothurn and Aargau. The land is dead flat, the apple trees stand starkly bare in the orchards; often the snow is so thin as to show the bleached yellow-green grass in big patches where the sun falls. There is not a sign of a mountain. Where are the Alps? The novice wonders.

The line runs on . . . more orchards, more whitewashed farm buildings with red tile roofs . . . on the left the ice expanse of the Sempachersee. . . . . And then, as the train rounds a jutting spur of the forest-covered foothills, the peaks of the Pilatus chain flash into view.

Everyone in the train, novice and expert alike, has been waiting for this moment, picturing it, thinking about it, for the last fourteen hours. When it comes it does not let them down. That first sight of the winter Alps is epic.

Swiss winter sports are said to date from the year 1865, that memorable year in Alpine history which saw the first conquest of the Matterhorn.

A few months after Whymper's triumphant and tragic achievement—for three members of his climbing party and the brave guide, Michel Croz, were killed on the descent—a German doctor shook the composure of the hygienists of the period, who were inclined to condemn unnecessary exposure to winter air, by asserting that the cold, dry air of the Alpine winter and the invigorating action of the brilliant mountain sunshine were of the utmost value to health.

This stone flung at the closed-window school of medical thought started the rush to the snows. Invalids formed the greater part of the early visitors to the Alps in winter, for the good doctor had sufferers from tubercular complaints mainly in mind when he made his disturbing statement. But gradually and in ever-increasing numbers others came to "discover" the Oberland, the Grisons, and the Engadine, and to be the forerunners of the lively, lusty hordes who form the winter sports enthusiasts of to-day.

To-day in Switzerland there are at least 150 officially listed winter resorts. They range from the palatially equipped places like St. Moritz and Montreux to little hidden villages where the accommodation is in one of those spotlessly clean Swiss inns which for comfort and good fare have no equal elsewhere in Europe. And all of them give ample facilities for ski-ing, skating, and tobogganing.

The winter sports areas of Switzerland divide naturally into four great regions—the Bernese Oberland, the Engadine, the Grisons, and the spread south-western territory that lies behind the Lake of Geneva about the debouchement of the Rhone Valley.

Some of the finest ski terrain in all Switzerland is to be found at the Oberland centres of Adelboden and Lenk. Adelboden lies at 4,500 ft. at the head of the Engstligen Tal, where several minor branches join the main valley. It is possible to climb safely to a height of 8,000 ft. and ski down to the village from far above the tree line. The brown chalets and white hotels of Lenk are huddled together at the head of the Simmental, and as at Adelboden, the snow slopes extend to the beginnings of the rock buttresses of the great Oberland range. The Wildstrubel (10,676), the Gletscherhorn, and the Laufbodenhorn are the dominant peaks, dwarfed only by the immensity of the Jungfrau clump, twenty miles distant.

The St. Gotthard range terminates the Oberland at its eastern extremity, beyond which lies the Grisons, a wild, sparsely populated region that extends as far as the Austrian frontier. In its centre the mountains stand clustered together like the towers of a huge citadel. The Rhaetian Railway curls about the base of these mountains, but does not cut far into their tortuous depths. Flims, for example, must be reached by road diligence after the completion of the dramatic railway journey from Chur to Reichenau, where the scenery is in the castle-and-forest idiom of a Ruritanian romance. Lenzerheide has no rail service nearer than at Chur to the north and Tiefenkastel to the south. The Grisons is old, unspoiled, remote country, close to the main track of *tourisme*, but in spirit infinitely far from it, and this road approach of other days to many of its resorts adds greatly to their charm.

SKATING on the ice rink at Flims, one of the delightful resorts in the Grisons

SKI-ING at Caux, one of the popular resorts behind the Lake of Geneva

CURLING AT DAVOS: One of the highest highspots in the Engadine

In the Grisons one meets with *Bindenfleisch*, the air-dried meat of the local peasants. The strips of beef are impregnated with pepper, garlic, and bay leaves; then hung for a fortnight on the chalet walls to harden in the vivid sunlight. Only at an altitude above 3,000 ft. can good *Bindenfleisch* really be made, a gourmet will tell you. On a long ski run it is excellent and economical food, as the mountaineers of the Grisons have known for centuries.

Arosa, at the end of the short line from Chur, was one of the first places in Switzerland to utilize the Norwegian ski as a means of progress over the snow. The slopes of the Rothorn provide wonderful ski country, and there is a two-mile toboggan run following the valley to Litziruti. In winter, also, the path to the Weisshorn (8,716) is always open.

South of the Grisons, the Engadine mountains are massed solidly in a line whose western spurs border on Italy to merge in the east with the frontier of the Tyrol. Amid the rather bewildering array of resorts St. Moritz claims most of the limelight. It is not a cheap centre, and does not pretend to be. If you go to St. Moritz you have to pay for it—but you do get value for your money—twelve ice rinks, the Cresta, four other toboggan runs, and ski territory that comprises trips to such famous mountain huts as the Corviglia, the Saluver, the Marco Rosa, the Suvretta, and the Coaz.

They say that a winter sports addict is either a confirmed Oberlander or a hopless Engadine fiend. In snow conditions there is nothing to choose between the two regions, and it is all a matter of personal taste. Interlaken and St. Moritz, Adelboden and Samaden, Kandersteg and Pontresina—they are not rivals but complementary features in the great landscape of Swiss winter sports.

Splugen, the last Swiss village on the Splugen Pass, is the junction point of the Engadine and Grisons territories. The village is the capital of a particularly interesting area about the foot of the Rheinwaldhorn, from which the Rhine springs from a cleft in the rocks. But a few miles from Italy, it has the expectant, half-watchful atmosphere of all frontier towns, and both Swiss and Italian motor services serve it.

At the highest point of the Engadine is Maloja, eleven miles by road from St. Moritz and overlooking the Val Bregaglia. From the little town the mountains rise steeply to form the watershed between Switzerland and Italy. Ideal ski slopes these, with perfect views of the Bernina Alps.

Zouz-Castell, at nearly 6,000 ft., is a little village of less than 800 souls that in the last few seasons has made a name for itself as a winter sports centre in the Engadine. It can be reached by the Rhaetian Railway in about two hours from Chur and is linked to St. Moritz and Pontresina both by road and rail services. It is no upstart place, consisting of only hotels and a station.

Of the resorts immediately behind the Lake of Geneva, Les Avants, above Montreux, and Caux, a few hundred feet higher, have deservedly kept themselves prominent in winter sport annals. Caux is equipped with rinks and toboggan tracks and has, in addition, a good ski leap which attracts the best Scandinavian experts in the season.

From Montreux an electric railway connects the Lake of Geneva with the lake of Thun, 40 miles distant. Midway along the line is the village of Gstaad.

Aligned with the great resorts of the Oberland, Gstaad is modest. As long as it remains so its success is assured.

The revival in winter sports holidays will be marked this year, according to bookings received by one large travel agency. Apparently people who patriotically forwent their accustomed mid-winter holiday last year are going to make up for lost time. Another reason for the return to Switzerland lies in the fact that, realizing the disadvantage which we suffered through the fall in the pound, Swiss hôteliers have reduced their prices so that the cost of these holidays is practically normal.

The various resorts have their own specialties, and, to meet this contingency, a handbook has been issued by Thos. Cook and Son, which describes in detail the resorts, the sports to be enjoyed at each, their principal hotels, etc. This handbook, called *Winter Sports*, is profusely illustrated, and is to be had free on request from any office of this well-known firm. It is a great help in deciding which resort will best suit the individual taste.

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The VOICE of the SNOW

Winter Sport in Norway

By GEOFFREY PINNOCK

IN THE HIGHLAND OF CENTRAL NORWAY ski-ing to suit expert or novice is available

A stave from one of the oldest and loveliest of the Norse sagas runs: *Two voices are there, one of the sea, one of the mountains; each a mighty voice.*

In November the thundering waterfalls of Norway freeze, and mountains and valleys and forests are blanketed in a breathless white silence; for a week, two weeks, while the snows set, harden, deepen in successive falls, until they form the finest ski terrain in the world. Then mountain and valley and forest become articulate again in the soft swishing sound of skis sliding over the snow, and the melodious jangle of sleigh bells. After the lull of autumn the winter life of Norway has begun.

In adopting the dark blue peaked cap, waist-tight jacket, and ankle-strapped trousers of the Norwegian ski-runner as the correct (and by far the most practical and comfortable) winter sports attire, the world is only paying just tribute to the nation which has awakened both its hemispheres to the true glamour of mountains and snow and ice.

Winter sports are a comparatively recent introduction into Europe south of the Scandinavian peninsula. The Alps had never seen a pair of skis until about fifty years ago, when some young Norwegian students and a couple of adventurous Englishmen startled the inhabitants of an Oberland valley by careering down the snow slopes on strange length of wood at a speed that made the local *luges* appear as slow as traction engines.

But in Norway they have been ski-ing since the days of the sagas. Now, as then, it is the only means of foot-progression through the snow-covered forests and over the immense white undulations of the mountains. In Norway people ski because they have to and from these sternly utilitarian origins the more genial aspect of ski-ing as an exhilarating winter sport has developed with all the greater vigour.

Norwegian winter sports begin in December and do not end until the middle of May. Easter and Whitsun, in fact, are greater periods of exodus from the cities to the mountain hotels than Christmas.

But from the middle of December until the middle of January is a delightful time for leisurely ski or sleigh excursions from the lower-lying centres such as Voss on the Bergen-Oslo railway or Lillehammer in the Gudbrandsdal. And Oslo itself is a good base at this period, for within half an hour of the city spreads the great Nordmarken forest comprising both open slopes and winding tracks that thread the maze of pines; and only a little over two miles from the shops and cafés of the Karl Johansgate is the "Corkscrew" toboggan run from Frognersaeter.

Norway is the only country in Europe in which long ski journeys extending a fortnight if desired can be undertaken in safety. The Norwegian mountains are humped and undulating, of altogether different structure from the jagged precipitous Alps. The moorlands that form the foothills have ideal contours.

The vast Hardangervidda, the home of reindeer herds and numberless lesser wild game, is skirted by the line of the Bergen-Oslo railway and, with the North Sea crossing now reduced to a minimum, Finse, Haugustol, Geilo, and the other mountain resorts on its edge can be reached in about thirty hours from England.

From February until the end of the winter season in May is the best period for visiting the mountain centres. Here Norway has the advantage over every other country, for in March the northern latitude gives fifteen hours of daylight, which grows to twenty hours by the beginning of May.

The Hardangervidda in winter seems as vast as an ocean. In wave after endless wave the snow folds drop steadily down to the valleys in which the little-timbered villages are set. By day the sun is brilliant as it can only be in the neighbourhood of the arctic circle. On moonlight nights the snow increases the luminousness almost to the brightness of day.

For skating, all the larger winter sports centres have rinks of natural ice, and speed events that draw the world's finest exponents are held during the winter at Oslo, Trondheim, Hamar, Lillehammer, and Kongsberg. There is also, naturally, skating to be had on every lake or sheet of water that happens to freeze smooth. Tobogganing can be pursued wherever there is a road or an unimpeded slope, and the run down the famous "Corkscrew" from Frognersaeter to Oslo is one of the most popular in the country.

THOUSANDS OF PAIRS OF SKI awaiting collection at the railway station at Majorstuen, Oslo

It is a curious paradox that Norway, from which all snow sports as we now know them sprang, and with one of the most spectacular summer travel seasons in the world, should be comparatively neglected by the rest of Europe, and by England in particular, during the winter. The North Sea crossing and the normal value of the *kroner* at eighteen to the £ have kept away a good many of potential British enthusiasts. But the fastest motor ship in the world—a vessel of 7,000 tons—now makes the Newcastle-Bergen trip in twenty-one hours, and the £ has the value of 22s. The direct sea route to Oslo takes only thirty-six hours, of which the last twelve hours are spent steaming along the coast and up the Oslo Fjord, which is as wonderful in the austere winter tones of white snow and shadowy pine forest as in the more vivid colouring of summer.

The main winter sports centres are placed along the Bergen-Oslo railway that traverses the country west to east for 300 miles over the mountains, and along the Trondheim, and Rauma and Valdres railways that curl in a northerly direction from Oslo.

North-east of the Sogne Fjord the wild mountainous region of the Jotunheim is to the resorts surrounding it what the Hardangervidda is to the higher stations of the Bergen Line: and farther north again, but still within a few hours of Oslo, the first grim wastes of the Dovrefjell begin. Sjoa, Dombaas, and Opdal are the frontier posts, as it were; and Opdal gives access both to the Dovre and the Trollheimen ranges, the finest mountain scenery in Norway and the setting of much of its ancient history and folk lore. It does not appear to be generally known that a tour to Norway extending over sixteen days can be made at an inclusive cost of 16 guineas. There are no tips, taxes, or entertainment fees.

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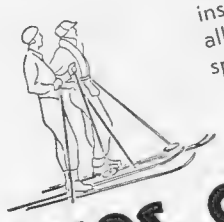

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DEAR UNCLE PETER,—Christmas approaches again and you have reminded me that it is my duty to suggest some books for that little army of nephews and nieces which you are lucky enough to possess. But this year, since things are bad, you warn me that you cannot spend too much money. Well, you need not be alarmed. The publishers are well aware of the crisis and I find better value than ever this year. First let me tell you of a new organization that has been evolved to enable you to give presents of books, and to make sure they are not the wrong books. It is often very difficult to know just what Dicky would like, and as he is an omnivorous reader there is always the danger that he has already read the book you may send him. The booksellers have got together and evolved an ingenious "token" scheme. You can go into any bookshop and purchase a book token, as you would a postal order, for a sum of 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., etc. You send this token to Dicky and he can walk into any bookshop anywhere and obtain a book to the face value of his token. Ingenious, isn't it? There is one slight drawback of course; if you want to inscribe your name and write "To Dicky, with love from Uncle Peter," you can't do so. You must wait until you see Dicky and his book.

Then also, since there is a touch of the pedagogue in you—did we not first meet in those early days as preparatory schoolmasters?—you may like to give books with a didactic flavour, a flavour not too strong. I have found the ideal book. It is *The Junior Outline of History*, by I. O. Evans (Denis Archer. 7s. 6d.). Mr. Evans has made a study of the young mind and knows how to interest it. He has had the bright idea of taking H. G. Wells' *Outline of History*, boiling it down and simplifying it. Here is history without tears; in fact, history with a kick to it.

I have to warn you it is not Jingo history. It is the work of a modern mind that does not think salvation comes of battleships and peace treaties. But you are a liberal-minded uncle and will not mind the tone of this book.

I wonder how Jerry is getting on at Dartmouth. Do you remember that morning we motored him out to lunch, and he was full of a lecture the cadets had just heard from Rear-Admiral Gordon Campbell, V.C., D.S.O.? I sent him *My Mystery Ships* and have been in his good books ever since. Now the Admiral has written an autobiography called *Number Thirteen* (Hodder and Stoughton. 20s.), which is the story of his life, a full and a thrilling one. Why *Number Thirteen* you may ask? Well, it happens that the Admiral was number thirteen out of a family of sixteen. By the way, there is rather a touching little story about *My Mystery Ships* that Jerry might like to know. It appeared first serially in *The Daily Telegraph* and the Admiral's mother sent early for the paper each morning to read her son's story, for she was then dying. It was clear that she would not live to see the book or even its serial completion, but by the kindness of the editor the fact that the book would be dedicated to her was published on the last morning she ever read, and it gave her a moment of great happiness.

Jerry will love this book. It tells of days in the Pacific, of China, training ships, the War, the West Indies, of shooting in South Africa, of life on a battleship, and of lecturing in U.S.A. One's curiosity about this gallant fellow is satisfied by numerous illustrations. It is, in fact, the ideal book of encouragement for embryo Nelsons.

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(Cont. on p. 372)

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"Two little fluffy owlets, called Pansy and Peter . . . who wore clothes as well as feathers; Pansy had a short skirt—like a duster—fastened round her waist, and Peter had an Eton collar . . ."

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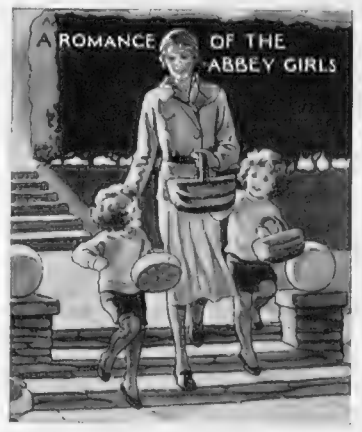

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A LETTER TO A CHRISTMAS UNCLE

(Continued from p. 370)

know how she adores cats. Well, here is a cat anthology, I had almost called it the ideal catalogue. Mr. Michael Joseph, who knows the whole nature of pussycats, has united with Miss Elizabeth Drew, and they have been looking at the works of all others who have a true love for cats. So here is a delightful anthology, *Puss in Books* (Bles. 8s. 6d.), in which some twenty authors tell us all about the virtues of cats. It will greatly please Mabel because there is nothing about the vices of cats.

GEORGE MORROW has done the illustrations to "The Birdikin Family," by Archibald Marshall (Dent. 6s. net)

Next let me call your attention to a new enterprise of the house of Blackwood. You know what excellent adventure stories appear from time to time in *Maga*. Harold always turned to them the moment the magazine arrived. Now they have been collected and made handy in book form. Here is a series of *Tales from the Outposts*, all revealing the great work done by our fellows in all parts of the world where they carry out lonely and dangerous jobs. Send Bill one of these books; he'll know what is to be expected of him when he goes out to India, if he's lucky enough to scramble through his exams. The series is divided into *Frontiers of Empire*, *Tales of the Border*, *Pioneering*, etc. The volumes in these series are 3s. 6d. If you want to do the thing handsomely you can get the whole set of twelve volumes for 2 guineas. How Bill will bless you!

"Knitting socks the shape of sailors' trousers"

AUBREY HAMMOND has done the illustrations for "The Diary of Mr. Niggs," edited by Dora Greville (Ivor Nicholson and Watson)

John and Mary and Tommy, by Lady Eleanor McLaren Brown (Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d.), is a book of verse setting forth the adventures of three lively, lovable, children of Canadian birth who make a thrilling visit to an uncle and aunt in England. They filled the house with noise, they tea-trayed down the stairs, they wore out stockings, and leapt into the hearts of everyone. In her verses, Lady Brown has caught their vivacity, their charm and spirits. You like kiddies full of life, I know, and these charming verses will remind you of that empty nursery of yours where the laughter rings no more. The book is most delightfully illustrated by P. A. Staynes.

BED-BOUND: One of Daphne Jerrold's illustrations to "The Perfect Christmas," by Rose Henniker Heaton (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 6s. net)

Every father will wish he could write such wise, jolly letters as those that are to be found in *The Master Light*, by Gilbert Thomas (Allen and Unwin. 5s.). Mr. Thomas is a well-known poet; he happens to be also a father, and these letters to Davie reveal what a lucky boy young David is. Send this book to Philip. He is old enough to think, and cannot help responding to this persuasive book.

Now for the stocking-books. Thank Heaven for Messrs. Chambers. This year, at the price of 3s. 6d., they provide for Tim, Willie, and Nick *Blackeney of the Slashers*, by Escott Lynn; *A Wave-worn Rock*, by David Ker; and *Keep Smiling*, a school story, by D. Stapleton. As for Geraldine, Gwen, and Edith, send them *Jill's Curmudgeon*, by Anne MacDonald; *The Chalet Girls in Camp*, by Elinor Brent Dyer; and *Janet of La Rochelle*.

Here is treasure trove for Reggie, *The G. A. Henty Omnibus Book* (Blackie): three Henty stories for 3s. 6d.! And Mac, serious young gentleman, will be grateful for *Pepys Letters and the 2nd Diary* (Dent. 7s. 6d.), sumptuously illustrated. Harry, who is a proper hunting man, will be most elated by *Famous Foxhunters*, by Lionel Edwards, R.I. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. £15s.). And for the Christmas stockings, you can turn to our old friends, Blackies. Here come their excellent annuals as usual, *The Little One's Annual* being Patsy's wish, I'm sure. How much have you spent? Ten shillings left? Then add *The Kenneth Grahame Book* (Methuen. 7s. 6d.) and *Poor Mrs. Quack* (Bodley Head. 2s.).—Yours, C. R.

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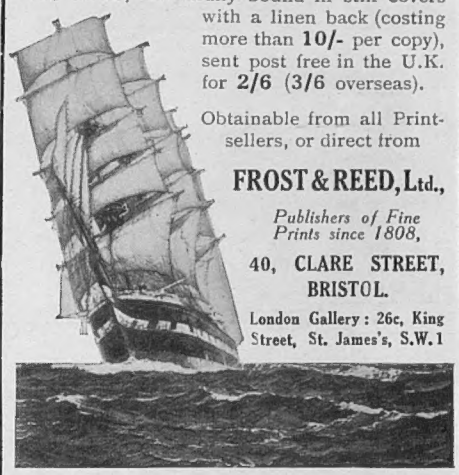

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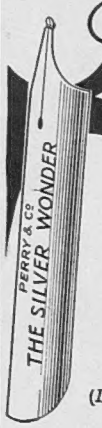

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